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Warrior Cats: Brighthearts Revenge

Hey again. I bet all you people are wondering, 'Hey, I wonder what happened when Swiftpaw died?' Well, here you go.

After this chapter, it's a short story for Brightheart's story.

-*-*-*-*-*-

Warrior Cats: Brighthearts Story

The Death of Swiftpaw

It wasn't fair that Cloudpaw got to be a warrior. We were just as good and we tried so hard but Bluestar ignored us and treated us like dopey kits.
Swiftpaw said we should do something so brave that would have to make us warriors, too. None of us knew what had been eating prey around Snakerocks, but Swiftpaw figured if we went out there, we'd find a trail to follow. It made sense, you know? We'd follow the trail, find out who was stealing our prey, and then come back to tell Bluestar. And then... We'd become warriors!
Swiftpaw knew a way out of the ferns behind the elders' den, so we sneaked out just before dawn and headed for Snakerocks. My paws trembled as we raced through the leaves. I knew my mentor, Whitestorm, would be angry with me - apprentices are not supposed to leave the camp without permission. But he'd be impressed when I helped save the Clan!
The smell near Snakerocks was strange... Fierce and dark. I slowed my pace down, but Swiftpaw kept running.
"Swiftpaw!" I hissed as I scrambled over a fallen tree. "Be carful!"
"Don't worry!" he called back, "Theres nothing here."
Just as he said that, a huge shape flew out of the cave and fastened his slavering jaws around Swiftpaw's throat. It was a dog - the largest I'd ever seen. I wanted to run away more then I've ever wanted anything, but I couldn't leave Swiftpaw behind.

Swiftpaw wrenched himself around, snarling and twisting, but the dog just shook him like he was a squirrel, and then threw him to the other side of the clearing. I ran over and saw that he was bleeding, but he managed to stand, turn and fight. The dog came toward us, its head low, its teeth bared and gleaming. I crouched, waiting until it was a mouse-length away, then I lashed out and raked my claws across his face. It jumped back with a yelp, and for a moment I thought, '*We'll be okay. Its just one dog, and theres two of us...*'

And then I saw others.

There were at least six dogs ranged across the clearing, all of them four times our size or bigger. They growled so loud it felt like the earth was shaking. "Pack, pack." they snarled. "Kill, kill."

And they sprang. I darted forward, jumped up, and sank my claws into soft underbelly. As I clung on, scratching and biting, I could hear Swiftpaw, spitting, hissing and yowling in rage and defiance. The world turned upside down, and the air was knocked out of me. I remember dust, forest of legs, flying fur, blood. At one point I saw Swiftpaw break free from the pack and climb a tree. I prayed to StarClan that he would make it, but huge paws brought him crashing back down to the ground.

Then blood filled my eyes, and I saw no more. I could still hear, though.

Among the growling and snarling, there were yelps too. I don't know when the end came for Swiftpaw... I only remember him fighting like all of LionClan. Thats how I will always remember him.

Then I was shaken loose. I felt light as air. I slammed against rock, and everything went dark.

I woke up in Cinderpelt's cave three sunrises later. Fireheart and Cloudtail had found me and brought me back to camp. Cinderpelt said I had nightmares, calling out '*pack*' and '*kill*' in my sleep, but I can't remember any of them now.

The first thing I remember was the feeling of Cloudtails warm white fur pressed against mine. When I moved, he awoke instantly as if he'd been waiting the whole time for me to awaken.

I knew something was wrong right away. It wasn't the pain - my face felt frozen, and I couldn't see anything on one side. I had lost an eye! When I saw what the dogs had done to me, I wished I had died fighting beside Swiftpaw. And when Bluestar gave me my

warrior name, Lostface, I no longer knew who I was.
I would not have survived that dark time if it wasn't for Cloudtail. He gave me another destiny, and I knew that no matter what I looked like, I would be all right. As long as Cloudtail loved me, I was no longer Lostface, but Brightheart.

Cats of the Clans

This is sorta Fan Fiction but you can look it up in The Last Hope an see that I got what he said from it. So, I wasn't copying Erin Hunter, I am simply showing you guys what it said in Brighthearts P. O. V.

So enjoy...

-•-•-•-•-

ThunderClan

Leader:

Firestar

Deputy:

Brambleclaw

Medicine Cat:

Jayfeather

Warriors:

Graystripe

Dustpelt

Sandstorm

Brackenfur

Cloudtail

Brightheart

Millie

Thornclaw

Squirrelflight

Leafpool

Spiderleg

Birchfall

Whitewing

Berrynose

Hazeltail

Mousewhisker

Cinderheart

Lionblaze

Foxleap

Icecloud

Toadstep

Rosepetal

Brairlight

Blossomfall

Bumblestripe

Dovewing

Ivypool

Hollyleaf

Queens:

Sorreltail (Mother to Likykit and Seedkit)

Ferncloud

Daisy

Poppyfrost (Mother to Molekit and Cherrykit)

Elders:

Mousefur

Purdy

••••••••••••••

ShadowClan

Leader:

Blackstar

Deputy:

Rowanclaw

Medicine Cat:

Littlecloud

Warriors:

Oakfur

Smokefoot

Toadfoot

Applefur

Crowfrost

Ratscar

Snowbird

Tawnypelt

Olivenose

Owlclaw

Shrewfoot Apprentice- Dashpaw

Scorchfur

Redwillow

Tigerheart

Dawnpelt

Pinenose

Ferretclaw Apprentice- Flutterpaw

Starlingwing

Queens:

Kinkfur

Ivytail

Elders:

Cedarheart

Tallpoppy

Snaketail

Whitewater

••••••••••••••

WindClan

Leader:

Onestar

Deputy:

Ashfoot

Medicine Cat:

Kestrelflight

Warriors:

Crowfeather

Owlwhisker

Whitetail

Nightcloud

Gorsetail

Weaselfur

Harespring

Leaftail

Antpelt

Emberfoot

Heathertail

Breezepelt

Sedgewhisker

Sunstrike

Bloulderclaw

Furzepelt

Whiskertail

Queens:

Swallowtail; Birdkit, Hailkit and Brownkit

Elders:

Tornear

••••••••••••••

RiverClan

Leader:

Mistystar

Deputy:

Reedwhisker

Medicine Cat:

Mothwing Apprentice- Willowshine

Warriors:

Graymist

Mintfur

Icewing

Minnowtail

Mallownose

Robinwhisker

Petalfur

Grasspelt

Queens:

Duskfur; Lightkit

Mosspelt; Spottedkit and Tanglekit

Elders:

Dapplenose

Pouncetail

The Last Hope

My ears pricked. I turned my head to where Jayfeather held up a mouse with a claw to Briarlight. I padded over and I only got to hear the end of the sentence Briarlight had asked, "-that stop you?" She finished.
I scuffed the ground beside Brairlight and Jayfeather. "Stop what?"
"None of your buisness, Brightheart." Jayfeather snorted.
"Its half-moon but Jayfeather isn't allowed to go to the Moonpool." Briarlight chirped.
"Can't you share dreams with StarClan in your nest?" I stroked my tail along Jayfeathers spine as I asked him the question.
He shook it off. "Theres more to visiting the Moonpool then sharing dreams!"
I watched as Jayfeather marched across the clearing, he ducked through the camp entrance and I turned to face Briarlight. She had a blank gaze fixed on the entrance. I guessed that she was thinking. So I nudged Cloudtail. "Lets go hunting for a while." I meowed. He nodded and we trotted out of the camp.

* * * * *

We padded back into camp after a long time in the woods, hunting was soooo much work! But it paid off. I deposited my two shrews and black bird. "I'll fetch you some fresh kill in a few heart beats, I have to go talk to Lionblaze."
I sighed, I stretched my neck to hear what they were saying. Lionblaze stood up, "Do you want to come hunting?"
I grunted and began padding over to where they were. "No he doesn't!" I growled. "We've been hunting all morning and he promised to fetch me some fresh-kill." I nudged Cloudtails shoulder. "Do you want me to go get the fresh-kill and you stay here and gossip?" I teased.
Cloudtail swished his thick white tail, purring happily. "Alright, I'm going!" He let out a '*mrrow*' of amusement.
I nodded to Cinderheart, who was sitting next to Lionblaze. "Have you checked on Briarlight yet?" I tilted my head. She seemed sad but I didn't ask why. "Was I suppose to?" She asked, looking up

anxiously.
"No," I shrugged. "I just thought, with Jayfeather away-" My gaze flashed to the medicine den as brambles moved and Briarlight dragged herself out. "Shes coming out!" I exclaimed. She dragged herself to the fresh-kill pile and I followed.
"Wait for me!" Cloudtail, who was almost to where Lionblaze and Cinderheart and I were stitting, began to trot his way to where Briarlight and I talked.
I heard Lionblaze faintly, "That could've been us." My heart sank. I wasn't sure why they couldn't be together, but that was their business, not mine, so I quickly started a conversation with Briarlight and Cloudtail.
"So, are you getting strong enough to get around with ease?" I asked through mouth fulls of Cloudtails' and mines blackbird.
She giggled, "No. But soon I will! Maybe even soon I can start to use my hind legs again!" '*I wish there was an easer way to say that she won't get better...*' So I just kept it to myself.
"Yeah," I meowed, licking my lips. "Well, I will be out for a while, I just want to go out for a walk." They nodded and I began to pad away, leaving camp and heading into the dense forest.
I heard the birds chirping above my head, I looked over to a small willow tree and I saw an unfamiliar bird.
"What type of bird are you?" I whispered. Then it spotted me. I gasped as it started to move its head forward and backward as it walked to me. It turned and began to walk, in an awkward way, farther into a field.
"What is it doing?" I questioned myself. Then I saw a farm, where there was many, *many,* more of these... *Birds*. They had wings so they had to be birds! I stalked up to it and I leaped. It flapped its wings so high, that I thought it would fly away, but it came back down after it was many tail-lengths above me.
I leaped again, this time grabbing it by the tail. It flapped its wings, desperate to get out of my hold. Then I heard a yell and then barking. I gasped and darted into the woods, letting the bird go. The barking was vicious and the memory of Swiftpaws death came to mind. I slid it into the back of my mind and I kept running, until I found a wooden fence. It smelt of WindClan.
I couldn't lead the dogs into WindClan territory! If I did, they would never forgive us and we would be constanly fighting. So I did what my urges told me to.

I began to run off towards the Thunderpath. It amazed me how I hadn't noticed the change in scent and how the '*bird*' came all the way down here.
I darted to the Thunderpath and the barking grew louder and louder and I realized, I was slowing down. I ran across the Thunderpath and the dogs halted as a long monster sped past me. I ran up a tree and I noticed one of the three dogs got hit. He laid limp and the other dogs ran back to the farm.
I sighed a sigh of relief. '*Thank StarClan!*' Then I dragged the dog off of the Thunderpath and I padded back to camp.
I smelt a WindClan patrol coming and I decided to confront them instead of causing trouble. I felt like a troubled apprentice again. So this time, I faced the fact.
I recognized the patrol at once. Breezepelt, Owlwhisker, Boulderpaw and Whiskerpaw. I sighed a small sigh as they bounded up to me. "Look, I can explain why I am on your territory." I meowed, raising my chin.
"Why are you on our territory? We should attack her for being on here!" Breezepelt growled through gritted teeth. "No, let Brightheart explain." Owlwhisker meowed, turning to me I began what had happened.
I told them what had happened but Breezepelt and Boulderpaw didn't look convinced. I rolled my eye and grunted. Breezepelt snorted, "Do you think we are mouse-brained enough to believe that?" Boulderpaw growled, stepping closer, his teeth bared.
"Well its true, whether you believe me or not. Go to the edge of your territory is and you'll see the dog." I flicked my tail and padded into my territory. "Let her go, she did no harm." Owlwhisker sighed. '*Thank StarClan that Owlwhisker believed me, or I would be crow-food!*'

The Last Hope

I padded into the camp, just as the sun went down, like nothing ever happened. Almost as soon as I padded through, Cloudtail sighed a sigh of relief and padded up to me. He nuzzled my cheek, purring.

"Where have you been?" he asked. "I have been waiting for you for a long time."

I licked his ear affectionally and meowed, "I ran into a WindClan patrol, but I'm here now." I let out a soft '*mrrow*' and pulled away. "What are you in the mood for? I am kind of in the mood for a thrush." I called to him as I bumped into someone. "Oof!" I muffled.

I turned to see Daisy. "Sorry! I wasn't watching where I was going." I apologized. "Its fine." she purred. I waited until she grabbed a shrew and padded away to grab my thrush. Even though Cloudtail hadn't repiled, I knew he would be happy with the thrush.

* * * * *

I blinked open my eye to see watery sunshine filtered through the entrance the warriors den. I yawned, arching my back in a long, tired stretch. I climbed out of my nest and into the new cold morning.

Most of the warriors had already awaken and were on there way to the patrols.

I padded over to the crowd of cats that surrounded Brambleclaw. I listened in.

"-Nervous Clans are dangerous." Brambleclaw declared. "Is that why WindClan tried to attack us through the tunnels?" Sorreltail asked.

"And why ShadowClan accused our medicine cat of murder?" Cloudtail narrowed his eyes. I ran my tail up his spine to sooth him. Then Firestar bounded down from the Highledge and joined Brambleclaw. "We mustn't be drawn into Clan squabbles. We have to concentrate on preparing for leaf-bare."

'*Ugh, leaf-bare is the worst season! Its cold, hard to hunt and hard to walk in the deep snow.*' I sighed. '*But the prey would die out without it and the medicine would never grow back....'*

"Icecloud!" Brambleclaws yowl brang me back to the present. Ivypool and Dovewing padded off with Cherrypaw and Molepaw sense Spiderleg had Rosepetal and Foxleap out climing trees. "Take Brightheart, Bumblestripe and Mousewhisker for a hunting patrol." She nodded and Bumblestripe, Mousewhisker and I got up and headed out to a clearing that she thought was best for us to hunt.

"Alright, Bumblestripe and I will go this way, Brightheart and Mousewhisker, go that way." We all nodded and I followed Mousewhisker silently. I lifted my head, as he and I stopped, and I tasted the air for any sign of prey. "Black bird." I whispered.

He nodded and meowed, "Hey... I know this is random, but... Well, nevermind." He stammered, his eyes filled with thoughts.

I gave him a confused look and I mewed, "Spit it out, I won't tell if anyone don't want me to." He nodded then whispered, "Me, Blossomfall and Birchfall have been training in the Dark Forest for the better of the Clans and if you want, I can show you..."

I thought for many heartbeats. The Dark Forest? For the better of the Clans? If that was true, then the Dark Forest changed. Maybe... Just maybe, I could see what it was like. And if it was wrong, I would warn every cat there secretly and everything would be okay. But why were they training warriors, how were they and was it really for the better of the Clan?

"Sure, but if I don't like it, will there be a way out?" Dumb question. Theres always a way out! "Well, I think so." He meowed. I nodded and I licked my lips. Somehow, the black bird was still peking at some seeds. It didn't matter to me, a long as I got the bird, I would be happy.

* * * * *

Mousewhisker and I padded into camp. I had successfully killed the black bird along with a mouse. Mousewhisker, on the other hand, had two shrews and a vole. We deposited our kills and I searched for Blossomfall and Birchfall. My eye landed on them. Mousewhisker and I planned a talk with them once we got back.

I padded over to them and I meowed, "Come. Mousewhisker wants to talk to you two and I." it came out quick, and I wondered if they understood. And they did, they followed me to where Mousewhisker was sitting under the shade of the old willow tree. "What is it you wanted us for?" Birchfall asked.

"Brightheart wants to see us train." he moewed. When they

didn't reply, he sighed and rolled his eyes, "The Dark Forest training." he whispered.

"Oh, right. I think its a good idea. And its good how its almost dark." Blossomfall meowed.

We talked for a long time, and before long, it was pitch black out. Almost every cat went to sleep. "Lets go now." I still don't know how we were suppose to get there, so I asked. "How do we get there?"

"Through sleep." Birchfall whispered as we climbed into our nests.

* * * * *

I awoke in a dark, muddy place. I couldn't see the stars and the ground was wet and slimy. I looked around for any sign of a cat. Then a flash went past me. I looked around. No one. Then the cat did it again. My heart speed up and I began to run.

The eerie light was my only way of seeing, only to make it worse, I had one eye. Then I saw a group of cats, I turned and slowed down once I was close enough. '*Breezepelt? Beetlewhisker? Applefur?*' I gulped when I noticed the cats and who they were.

'*Tigerheart? Hollowflight? How many cats train down here?*' Then I saw, the one and only... *Tigerstar.* "Who are you? Wait, its Lostface, right?" I couldn't tell if he was being sarcastic or not. Maybe he really thought that was my name?

"No Tigerstar, its Brightheart." I sneered. "Why are you here, Brightheart?" he asked, stepping closer to me. He began to circle me with his eyes fixed on me. "Mousewhisker told me about here, and I came to check it out." His eyes grew wide with shock, then anger. '*What did I say to make him mad?*' I thought. "Where is Mousewhisker?" Then I remembered not to tell anyone down here that he sent me... He hadn't said why, but I didn't push further. "Umm...." I honestly had no clue.

"Hes right here." I knew that cold, icy tone from anywhere. Mousewhisker cautiously stepped forward. He glared at me with worry and anger. I mouthed to him, 'I'm sorry.' and he turned away. "Why did you bring her here?" Tigerstar asked. "Because I thought we needed more warriors." Mousewhisker whispered.

"We do, but did we ask you to just bring any cat here?" Tigerstar scowled, slashing his muzzle. I jumped over and began to growl in defense, but before I could leap, a paw stopped me. I turned to see

Hawkfrost, the one who tried to kill Firestar... The one who showed Mousewhisker to Tigerstar. I lashed out on him. Slashing and biting until I felt teeth grip my scruff and I was thrown to a dark tree. The wind flew out of my lungs and I opened my eye. Tigerstar had Mousewhisker pinned and I staggered to get up.

"See what she tried to do? She doesn't fight like us!" Tigerstar yelled. "But after a while, she will," Mousewhisker whimpered. "Its either you or her. Which do you choose Hawkfrost?" Tigerstar growled. I got up and Blossomfall ran over and let me lean on her.

"I would say Mousewhisker for punishment, but this she-cat knows too much. And, it looks like she doesn't have much to live for. Who could love that face?" I looked down and Swiftpaw and Cloudtail popped into my mind. "I have plenty to live for." Hawkfrost pushed Blossomfall to the ground and grabbed my chin with his claws. "Oh? Like what?" he asked, amusement filled his eyes, but hatred was in them also.

"Swiftpaw," I replied "Whitewing and Cloudtail." I growled. He storted and then whispered into my ear, "Then I guess when the time comes, they will be the first to be killed." He let go and turned I stood up and he raised his tail for cats to listen.

"Alright, hold Mousewhisker back, he might try to help her." Tigerstar growled. "Breezepelt, Redwillow, Ivypool, kill her." Tigerstar signaled the three cats to go. '*Wait... Ivypool?*' "Ivypool, I said you too." Tigerstars annoyed growl pierced my ears.

Ivypool hesitated then she slowly crept up at me. There was no way out. I slid my claws out then leaped at Redwillow. Breezepelt climbed over my back and started to claw my spine. I screeched in pain and slashed his eye. Redwillow grabbed my scruff and held me up.

I slashed at the air hopelessly and then I felt a claw slowly slice my skin of underbelly. I screeched in pain. And Mousewhisker pushed him out of the way. Redwillow let go of me and I started to twitch in shock. I slowly put a paw to my belly and I felt the warm blood ooze out of the long gash along my belly.

I laid my head down and closed my eye. I heard the yowls of rage Mousewhisker let out as he thumped to the ground in pain.

And soon, it all went black.

An Unforgiven Grudge

Its been 2 moons since the encounter with Tigerstar and Hawkfrost. We haven't spoken about it, and now, they are looking for Mousewhisker.
For all they know, he could be anywhere. Little do they know that he is in the Dark Forest forever... I feel so bad for him, how I could've been the cat to die. '*But they would've killed him after me anyways...*' I keep telling myself.
As the patrol began to trot away from the WindClan border, I smelt Mousewhisker. I stopped and looked around.
And there he was. Mousewhisker. He was sitting by a tree, very faintly. I wanted to talk to him, so I lied, "I am going to look for some prey, I will catch up with you guys later." Squirrelflight turned and meowed, "Well take Berrynose with you."
I hesitated then meowed, "I'm going to do this on my own. If you don't mind, Berrynose?" He turned and shook his head.
I padded off once they disappeared. Mousewhisker's eyes lit up when I sat down beside him.
"Where have you been? You have to at least go to StarClan!" I meowed. His scent bathed my tongue and it tasted of stone. *'That's what spirit-cats taste like?'*
"I'm sorry, but once in the Dark Forest, theres no way out..." He whispered, looking his paws. "You have to go to StarClan, there has to be a way." I closed my eye and thought of a way to get him there.
'*Moonpool!*'
"I can get Jayfeather to bring me to the Moonpool and he will ask someone to help you from StarClan!" I meowed. He looked up, "Brightheart, its not that easy. For one, Jayfeather would never agree to that. Two, StarClan couldn't bring me there and three, none would dare to come to the Dark Forest!" he growled.
"Well, then I can't help you. I will try to go to the Moonpool, but I don't think I would get far. But I will try to connect with StarClan, okay?" I asked him.
He sat there, staring, as if he were thinking.
Mousewhisker sighed, turning his eyes to me, "Alright, whatever. I

have to go before they notice I'm gone," He suddenly faded away.
'*Great,*' I thought, '*To the Moonpool I go...*'

* * * * *

I snuck out of my nest and I carefully made sure my paws didn't touch any sticks or dead leaves that hadn't been covered by snow. I sighed inwardly. *'I wonder if I'll be back before they notice I'm gone?'*
I silently left camp and darted before the guard could see me, which happened to be Hazeltail, Mousewhiskers' sister. I halted by a tree. She mustn't of seen me. Few!
I carried on and soon, I was at the small river near Moonpool. By then, the moon was starting to go down and the sun would soon be up.
I crossed it with ease, passing small minnows in my trail. When I looked at them, I saw my reflection. It twisted my heart to see half of my face torn. I swallowed and looked away, padding on.
My stomach growled loudly and I groaned. "Now? Really?" I growled to no one in particular.
I heard paw steps behind me and I whipped around.
I scanned the rocks. I saw a cat, a skinny, scarred grey and white tom. He was in a crouch, his teeth bared.
I returned the face and movement then I growled in a unfriendly tone, "Who are you? You don't look like a cat from around here."
He sat up and licked his paw and drew it over his ear. He didn't seem to be hostile anymore. "I'm Smokey," He mewed, stretching. "And who might you be?"
"I'm Brightheart." I meowed. His eyes opened wide in shock. "Oh, so your a she-cat? What happened? You know, your eye." He whispered. Then I told him about what happened, he nodded occasionally as I spoke.
"So your a Clan cat? Oh, well it was nice meeting you." Smokey flicked his tail and ran off.
'*So first he is defencive then he asks about my life and I don't even get a chance to ask about his?*' I rolled my eye and padded onward.
I came to the Moonpool. I padded in wearily, and all I heard was my claws on the stone and the dripping of water from the roof of the cave. I then saw the pool.
I laid down and closed my eyes, and drifted off into a deep, welcoming slumber.

I awoke in ThunderClans' territory, but it was stormy and windy, not like the tales I've heard of before. I saw a face that I thought I knew, but wasn't sure who. Then, as I trotted closer, I realized it was Spottedleaf.
I darted to her. She looked at me in surprise and shock. "What are you doing here?" She asked franticly.
"I came to plead for help." I panted. She let out a breathe if relief. I looked around. It was gloomier then I expected.
'This is StarClan? What happened to this place?'
"What happened to this place?" I whispered, looking around. "The Dark Forest is rising. Its made us all make boundaries and the weather has made a drastic change." She meowed, looking at her paws. "Oh..." I whispered.
"So what did you come here for?" She asked, getting up and padding to a cave. I followed and meowed, "Its Mousewhisker. He was killed in the Dark Forest and he needs help getting out." She looked at me and looked away. I turned to see Whitestorm, Honeyfern and Longtail.
"What are you doing here, Brightheart?" Honeyfern asked. I looked over at her and sat down.
"Mousewhisker saved me from Tigerstar and he was killed. I need help getting him out of the Dark Forest." I explained, looking from Honeyfern to Longtail. She looked at Whitestorm and Longtail.
"I'm sorry Brightheart, but once in the Dark Forest as a spirit, theres no way out." Whitestorm replied.
"There has to be a way out! Theres always a way out of something!" I pleaded, "I can't just let him *suffer* in the Dark Forest! He is depending on me to get him out."
Whitestorm sighed then got up. He padded up to me and whispered, "He can get out, but he needs to get out without your help. However they get in, they get out." a thought plopped into my head. '*Closing your eyes!*'
"I have an idea. Thank you!" I gasped and before I knew it, I began to fade as I woke up.

****

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An Unforgiven Grudge

I dashed into camp. Everyone turned to me, startled. "Brightheart!" Whitewing dashed over. "Where were you?" Cloudtail meowed, padding over. "Er..." I stammered.

'*What do I say? They can't know about the Dark Forest or where I was.'*

"I went hunting far away and I got lost... But I found my way eventually."

'Lousy excuse! Only a kit would believe that!'

"But you never get lost," Hollyleaf meowed, a confused look covering her face.

"I know but I got distracted by a rabbit." I replied, pushing past the crowd. *'Since when am I this popular?'*

They seemed to believe it. Brambleclaw padded over and rolled his eyes. "Right. Now, Hollyleaf, take Brightheart, Foxleap and Rosepetal on a tunnel fight." He meowed. "They need to learn how to fight in the dark and in small places,"

I sighed but followed Hollyleaf anyway. Tunnels were dark, damp and cramped up. I felt like I was being caught by a Twoleg the last time I went in a tunnel.

We padded into the tunnel and my breathe began shallow. I dragged my paws in further.

My back brushed against both sides of the tunnel and on the top. I could feel little bits of dirt falling into my pelt and I fought the urge to fluff out my pelt.

My instincts were screaming at me to back out, but I couldn't. It would be cowardly of me.

A few heartbeats went by and the walls left my pelt and I could

finally stand up straight. "Be carful, there is a few small holes where the water falls through the roof. My pelt stood on all ends. *'Water... Holes... Great!'* Hollyleaf must've picked up on my tension, because she whispered, "Don't worry, its only tiny droplets coming off of the roof."

I let out a sigh of relief and we padded on.

* * * * *

We squeezed through the tunnel, Hollyleaf last, and padded back to camp. Still, most if the patrols were not back, even though the sun was going down. Cloudtail met up with me and murmured, "I'm going on a night hunting patrol, see you later tonight." And he padded off. I didn't even get to reply.

I turned my head and watched his fluffy white pelt vanish through the entrance. I sighed and grabbed a plump mouse. I saw Dovewing and Ivypool sitting beside each other. They seemed hostile and uneasy as they spoke.

I padded over to them, with the mouse in my mouth, and sat down next to them. They turned their heads to face me and Ivypool spoke first. "Hello." She meowed. "You two seem uneasy, what's wrong?" I asked.

They exchanged glances then Dovewing reassured, "Nothing. We were just talking about..." She stopped. "About how Bumblestripe was so grumpy today!" Ivypool blurted out.

"Yeah, right. We are kin, you can tell me." I muttered, laying down and taking a bite of the mouse.

They exchanged glances again and Ivypool looked at me. "Dovewing has this-" Dovewing cut her off with a whip to the ear from her tail. She gave Ivypool an angry look.

I looked at them confused. Finally, I sighed. "Fine, if you don't want to tell me, you don't have to." I meowed casually.

"Yeah, anyways," Ivypool muttered, standing up. "I'm going to see if Brambleclaw wants me in another patrol."

Dovewing followed her sister and I rolled my eye. *'They are up to something, and I think it might have something to do with The Dark Forest.'* I shook my head.

'There has to be more to it then just that. Dovewing seemed more uneasy then Ivypool... But what was it?' I pushed it to the back of my mind. I took a bite of my mouse and my taste buds exploded with disgust. I spat it out and looked at the mouse.

Someone had stuffed the mouse with deathberries. My eyes turned fuzzy and foam began to form around my mouth. I shook my head and stood up, stumbling side to side. I tried to open my mouth to spat out the poison but my mouth began to feel numb.

Daisy padded up to me and as soon as she saw my face she dashed to Jayfeathers' den. I collapsed onto my side, the foam slithering out of the side of my mouth. I heard paws stomping faraway and soon I heard Jayfeathers voice.

"Can you hear me, Brightheart?" He asked, he didn't sound close and not urgent. My mind whirled and I felt leaves being stuffed into my mouth. My mouth and jaw line was so numb, I hadn't even felt his paw open my mouth and pain began to surge through my veins.

Then my stomach rested and I felt the poison beginning to come up my throat. It eventually came out and I stood up to let it out. The numbness began to fade.

I looked around to see cats surrounding me, trying to see what happened. Jayfeathers' blind eyes trailed to the sky, then he sniffed his way to the mouse.

He scrunched up his nose at the foul stench. "Deathberries..." Jayfeather growled.

My heart pounded in my chest, but with the feeling of relief, it started to ease. "Who caught this mouse?" He asked. Every cat exchanged glances with each other, but no one spoke. Firestar pushed his way into the circle and asked, "What happened?"

"Someone stuffed this mouse with d-deathberries." I stuttered, my

mouth still numb from the poison. "And no one will speak up!" Exclaimed Daisy.

"Well if your so concerned, maybe it was Daisy to do it! You never do anything, and maybe you wanted revenge on Brightheart for having a kit while one of yours is dead!" Growled Millie, taking a step forward.

"Maybe it was you, Millie!" Blossomfall yowled, gasps escaped a few mouths, including mine.

Her own daughter accusing her mother of attempting murder! Millie growled at her then Graystripe pushed through the both of them.

"Stop! We don't need to accuse our own Clanmates of this. It could be anyone!" He yowled.

Firestar stepped in, "Graystripe is right. Our Clanmates wouldn't do anything to harm others. It must've been another Clan cat to do so." He meowed. Then Poppyfrost meowed, "Okay, okay. I know what happened." Every cats heads shot to her. *'Did she do it? No, she was a good cat, she wouldn't do anything like that!'* I thought. My jaw closed but Firestar's was kept open.

"I was hunting alone when I found a mouse on the ground. I thought it would be fine so I took it back to camp. It smelled fine to me when I picked it up," She explained, "As I set it down into the fresh-kill pile, I noticed its jaw was out of place. But I didn't think anything of it."

Firestar's eyes filled with relief. He let out a sigh and announced, "Thank you for confessing. Now, to find out who or what did it." He looked to the sky, thinking.

"It might be a cat who had died and gone to the Dark Forest." I blurted out. I covered my mouth with my tail and looked to Firestar. His eyes were now filled with confusion.

"What do you mean?" Brambleclaw asked, and I turned to him. He must've taken the words right out of our leaders mouth. "I was just

suggesting that they could be roaming the territories..." I trailed off, blurting out more information they didn't need to know was a bad idea! "N-nevermind!" I stuttered and darted off to the entrance and slipped through.

I ran. I felt so dramatic and awkward, but fear was lacing my heart. I couldn't stay there.

I didn't realize it but before I knew it, I was in a familiar place.

'I know this place from somewhere...' I thought as I turned my head around to see the whole thing. I jerked back when I heard my name being called. "Brightheart..." It sounded as if the wind was calling to me. "Brightheart..." He kept going and then poor little Swiftpaw appeared.

"I promised you I would protect you, but I didn't do my job..." He whispered. His eyes were gone, only leaving black holes and he was covered in scratches and gashes. He was a soul that needed to go to rest.

"Swiftpaw," I choked out, all of my sorrow coming out into my words and making it crack. "It wasn't your fault. It was mine." I soothed.

"No! It was all my fault. Making a promise I couldn't keep!" A memory flashed back into my mind as quick as a rabbit on catmint.

I remembered being bitten and slashed with slobbery teeth and vision was gone on one side. "I'll protect you, Brightheart!" He vowed and I watched through my other eye as he slashed and bit, making a dog run but there were more then he could fight alone. But I could barely see, I would only make things worse.

I shook my head out of my thoughts, "Remember that promise I made to you?" He whispered. "I didn't keep it! Why did you come back here? I am waiting for the dogs to come back," he whispered, "and your going to scare them away!"

"They are dead Swiftpaw," I insisted. I had to make him leave and rest his soul.

"Swiftpaw! You need to leave that mouse-brained promise behind! You did protect me, you saved me from being eaten. Those dogs would've came for me if it wasn't for you!" I hissed. Then I went softer for him, he seemed scared. "Now, leave to StarClan, Swiftpaw, they are waiting for you." I dipped my head and waited. And waited. But he just stared at me like a mouse-brain. "Go!" I meowed, my voice cracking with desperation. He nodded but first he came to me and touched noses. His bloody nose touched my warm nose and all washed back from when we were apprentices together.

I smiled at him and he smiled back, "May StarClan light your path, Brightheart," He whispered. He nuzzled my neck and I did it back. I missed him so much, but Cloudtail was my mate forever. No one, not even Swiftpaw, could be a perfect mate like Cloudtail. He faded away and I began to pad off when I realized I was covered in his blood. I shook out my pelt and licked it down. The tang of blood hit my tongue and I stopped.

I want to remember Swiftpaw in a way, and this is how I will.

* * * * *

I padded into camp with a blackbird. I came to the fresh-kill pile and deposited the prey. "Brightheart!" Someone yowled behind me. I shrunk down and looked to see Millie. "What?" I hissed. "What happened to you?" She gasped. "I... Um... Er..." I had no clue what to say, no one would believe me if I said that I met Swiftpaw, would they? "Brightheart, are you okay?" "Of course she's not, look at all the blood!" "Lets take her to Jayfeather," I had no time to think at all.

"Wait! Calm down!" Firestar yowled. We turned to them and waited. He pushed through the crowd and sniffed the big patch of blood on my neck. "Its not her blood," he announced. "Its Swiftpaw's."

Gasps erupted through out the camp, only the ones that knew Swiftpaw when we were apprentices, like Dustpelt, Graystripe and others. "You met Swiftpaw?" "What did he say?" "What was he doing down here in the first place?" "Did he say he was well?" "What has he been doing this whole time?" I rolled my eye, "Yes. He said lots

of things. His soul was unrested. He wasn't well, you could tell by looking into his black eye sockets. He has been waiting for the dogs to come back so he could kill them." I answered quickly.

Graystripe's jaw dropped and Mousefur padded over, her eyes sparkling with curiosity. "What? He came back?" This was the first time she was excited about something in a very long time! I nodded twice, "Actually, he has been around ever sense the fight with the dogs and his soul has been rested." I meowed.

Everyone exchanged glances and a few of them left. "You should clean yourself up, Brightheart, you look like you insides are outside!" Cloudtail murmured. I shook my head, "Eventually it will fade. I want to remember my old friend in a way I can see." He sighed, "Alright. Alright, just don't come wailing to me when you fur becomes dry and itchy." He teased, trotting off to the fresh-kill pile. I let out a small 'mrrow' of laughter and sat down in the shade.

Thoughts of the Dark Forest battle reentered my mind and my fur prickled with uneasiness. "What will happen if I don't tell anyone..." I muttered to myself. "What if the Clans aren't ready to fight when the time comes?"

An Unforgiven Grudge

Gotta new line thingy! :D

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I tried desperately to get back down to the Dark Forest but I couldn't get down. Its like they made sure I wasn't aloud to go back. I wanted to get more information in what they were planning but its as if they knew what I was going to do and made sure that I couldn't come down!

I stood up and slowly padded out of the den and looked around and no one was awake.

"Brightheart. . ." A soft voice whispered. I thought it was the wind at first but there was no breeze to carry my name. "Brightheart. . ." It whispered over and over again. My heard begun to pound in my chest as if it was trying to escape as it kept going on and on. I looked around for any sign of a cat but there was no cats awake, that I saw anyway.

I begun to panic. "Who's out there?" I called quietly, being sure I didn't alarm anyone. "Show yourself!" I slowly turned around but no one did as I said. I lashed my tail, showing frustration instead of fear. I growled, my fur sticking up. I felt something brush my side quickly and I whipped around.

"I said show yourself!" I hissed into the darkness, but no such luck of an answer. There was still no sign of a cat anywhere in the camp. I heard something fall and I turned my head to see a stick. I cautiously made my way over to the stick and stared at it through narrowed eyes. I saw something fall a few fox-lengths away from the first stick. Then I yelped as something smacked my side.

I jumped to the side in shock and saw a rock. I gave it a sniff and it smelt of unfamiliar cats.

I looked around and backed back into the camp where I bumped into someone. I whipped around and slashed at the air. "Scared?" A voice teased from in front of me. My breathing started to go fast and I started to think I was going crazy. "Who are you?" I growled as I unsheathed my claws. "Oh no one, just checking in on everyone. Making sure everything is right for the upcoming battle," the cat sneered.

"What battle? Are you a Dark Forest warrior?" I questioned, turning my head to one side. "Oh nothing. I was told I couldn't give anything away," she meowed the muttered, "especially to you." "Well, who are you?" I sneered, drawing my lip back in a snarl. She chuckled low and darkly, "I am Mapleshade."

My eyes widened. Mapleshade. . . What does she want?

"Now, I wanted to give you a message." She whispered. I felt a deep growl forming in my throat as she begun to circle around me. I waited for Mapleshade to continue. "Well, what is it?" I spat, "You know too much, Brightheart," She snarled. "You are my enemy. I have only one reason, we all have one reason, and that is because you know our secret. You don't deserve to live."

I gave her a confused look. "Do you hate me because I know too much or is there another reason?" She growled and lashed her tail in pure hatred. 'What in great StarClan did I do?' I asked myself, confinement rubbing through my veins at every heartbeat. I backed away slowly, turning around and dashing through the forest.

"Coward!" You yowled as I darted through the forest. Cats surrounded me, very few I actually knew.

"You know our secret,"

"We shouldn't let her go,"

"She is a traitor!"

"Shes going to tell everyone about us!"

They kept on pushing there limits until I came to a fighting arena. I skidded to a halt, looking for a way out, but it was already too late.

They were surrounding me. I hissed, my fur standing up in horror, as they all turned around. They exchanged glances and then Brokenstar stepped forward, Tigerstar at his heels.

"Well, look who's back. The traitor." Brokenstar sneered. "Lets kill her!" Tigerstar yowled and hisses and snarls came back in approval. But Brokenstar put his tail in his way. "No," he growled, not looking away from me. "Wait."

I growled and backed away until I hit something. I whipped around and saw the scariest thing I have every seen.

The cat's mouth was stitched close and his bright blue eyes were wide with horror and sadness. I gasped as I saw his pelt: scared and matted. It looked like it was once beautiful, but now, the cats black and silver coat was no longer nothing but a pelt that is just there. He looked like he had went to a battle and was never to stop.

He shrunk down and backed away slowly. "Go away, Blackheart! This doesn't concern you." Thistleclaw hissed and the cat turned tail and disappeared.

Whispers filled the silence, making the fur stand up until I felt the cold breeze seep into my skin. "Breezepelt and Tigerheart, kill her. This will prove to me that you are ready to be a warrior." Brokenstar ordered. "What?" Tigerstar yelped. "I want to and it was my idea!" He complained. Brokenstar glared at him and flicked his tail for them to do so.

Tigerstar growled and stalked away, leaving Thistleclaw and Brokenstar watching. I unsheathed my claws and waited for them to creep for me. 'Run.' A voice hissed and I hissed in my mind, 'I will when they get close.' I watched as Breezepelt and Tigerheart hiss and leap. I skidded to the side and ran back the way I came. I didn't dare look back. "What are you waiting for? Follow her!" Thistleclaw yowled. Paw steps thumped after me and I ran faster. Right now, with one eye, I could use some help!

I felt the ground disappear and then my eyes focused on the slime in front of me. My face splattered in the gross stuff and I flailed my paws in the slime, desperate to see the world above. Already, my

lungs ached for air but it was so dark I couldn't find my way up. My paws scrapped the rocky bottom and I thrusted my way up.

Gasping, I swam to the shore and looked up to see Mapleshade with a look of triumph in her gleaming eyes. I hissed and slashed his eye. Her head swung to one side in shock and looked back at me as I got out of the slimy water. I saw Breezepelt and Tigerheart looking at me. I looked for a way out and a path came to my vision. I saw the two dark forest apprentices tearing straight at me.

Quick as a fox, I ran to the trail. Haring through it was a pain in the tail, from the sticks whipping me and the mud sinking into my paw fur. I stopped. It was a dead end. I looked behind me. I could hear them coming but I couldn't see them. I looked for another trail but there was no way out. The only way out would be to go through the thorns and the bracken. "Maybe the trees. . . ?" I whispered. I looked behind me and they were closing in. "Close your eyes and think of home. . ." A voice whispered in my head. And I did so. I heard them coming closer, yowling, "There she is!" "Get her!" I zoned out, imagining being home at my mothers belly.

My eye opened and I looked around. The sun was beginning to fill the warrior's den and cats were starting to stir. That poor cat, Blackheart, was still in my mind. How did his mouth get stitched up? Why is in down there? Questions kept on coming as my curiosity went farther and farther until a voice whispered, "Brightheart! Come on, there is a patrol waiting for you!" It was Dustpelt. I dipped my head and laid each paw step down carefully, not wanting to awaken anyone.

"Sorry, I didn't notice I was put in a patrol." I apologized once there. Blossomfall nodded once and the patrol set off.

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An Unforgiven Grudge

Sorry that I had to put this on hold. . . No one even reads this. . . And if some people do, I think there are mostly ghost readers o.O

Okay and btw, when this doesn't continue, please read my book The Tribe of Rotting Skulls! Just skip a few chapters or something . . . I know how bad the first chapter is!

And... I spiced up this up a bit! You'll be surprised of what you'll find! c:

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A few moons had gone by. Dovewing's secret was reviled along with Lionblaze's and Jayfeather's. Dovewing could hear from a long ways away, Lionblaze could never be beaten in battle and Jayfeather can see in other people's dreams and can see in dreams.

And now, the Dark Forest battle was won and life was now back to normal. Having three kits, Dewkit, Amberkit and Snowkit, may have been a pain in my rump, but it was worth it. They were a pleasure to have. Now, they were apprentices; happily being helpers.

Purdy died from greencough not long ago, leaving Graystripe alone. Dustpelt said he would be leaving for the elder's den not long from now. Sandstorm, too, was starting to grow white flecks on her muzzle. Jayfeather finally got an apprentice, though as much as he hates having one, he has started to make good friends with her. It was Dewpaw who wanted to become one so badly. Though I was disappointed that she wasn't going to be a warrior, I am happy that she is happy.

Dovewing kitted to 4 healthy kits; no one is sure who the father to the kits are, but we all are suspecting Bumblestripe, Softkit, Stonekit, Oakkit and Heatherkit are her kits. Softkit is pale gray with a white muzzle and tail tip with one yellow eye and the other light blue, Stonekit is dark gray fully with light blue eyes, Oakkit is a light brown tabby with yellow eyes and Heatherkit is light brown

with one gray paw and milky blue eyes. They bring such good attitudes and don't argue with anything. Except for Stonekit. He thinks he is the leader of the 4 and tells them what to do.

Also, Rosepetal kitted 2 healthy kits. Her mate is Mousewhisker, which is odd because they never seemed to show any affection towards each other. The kits' names are Dawnkit and Gorsekit. Gorsekit is more of a shy kit while Dawnkit isn't afraid of anything, so she says. While we've all seen her jump at running cats, she still insists that she isn't afraid of anything.

Now, cats stirred as the sun came up, I was put on duty to guard the camp.

I fluffed out my fur, the breeze stirring through and bugging me. I grunted, muttering to myself, "Why today? I hate being on guard!" I narrowed my eyes at the trees outside of camp, watching closely as they swayed. "See anything?" A cat behind me asked. I gasped and jumped up in the air, my fur standing on end. I slid out my claws and hissed as I realized it was only Cloudtail. "Cloudtail! You scared me! Don't do that!" I growled, shock pulsing through my veins. "Oh my, I'm sorry." He purred. He sat down beside me and watched the trees sway. I laid my fur flat again and watched as well.

"So, did you see anything suspicious?" He repeated. "Suspicious?" I echoed. "No! Its been so boring out here. All that happened was trees "threatening" to fall on us." Cloudtail purred and got up, "Well, that was boring." He muttered. "Lets go ask to be on a hunting patrol together." I followed on his tail as he padded up to Squirrelflight who was stretching just outside of the warriors den.

"Cloudtail, Brightheart," She dipped her head to me and Cloudtail and went back to grooming her fur. "Morning Squirrelflight." Cloudtail mewed, "Could Brightheart and I go hunting together?" She nodded, "Sure, be back soon!" She smiled, waving her tail goodbye.

We padded off and out of the camp, padding to the edge of the territory. Cloudtail stopped and tasted the air. When he looked at me he moved his head to tell my to follow. I did so and we stalked towards the territory line between our side and the woods that we didn't own. A squirrel was eating a few seeds when we saw him. "Cloudtail, we can't hunt prey on the outside of our territory." I whispered. He rolled his eyes, "Watch me. They won't notice." He

then stalked out of the territory and over to where the squirrel was. He pounced without warning and landed firmly on the squirrels back, snapping its neck with ease.

"Great catch Cloudtail!" I mewed happily as he padded closer. '*Good thing it's still green-leaf, we'll need all the prey we can get... Leaf-fall is on it's way.*'

We padded away and looked for more prey. I finally found a mouse but just as I went to stalk up to it, I stepped on a twig. '*Mouse-dung!*' I hissed in my mind, running after it. With one eye, I could only see it one way and in a blink of an eye, it was gone in a hole. "Why did those stupid dogs have to come over and ruin my eye? Why can't StarClan fix it?" I growled and I slashed the ground in frustration. Cloudtail came over and rested his tail tip on my shoulder to comfort me. "It's alright, Brightheart, everything happens for a reason. Sometimes, we aren't sure for a long time why these things happen but they do, and theres always a reason," he whispered.

I slumped my shoulders and Cloudtail grabbed his squirrel, "Lets go back to camp before they start to worry," he mewed through the fur of the dead squirrel. I nodded and stood up, following him from behind him.

I felt so empty without prey in my jaws, I'm not used to it. I mean, obviously I've lost prey before but I always feel empty. An idea binged in my head and I ran at a rock, clawing off the moss and carrying it to stand beside Cloudtail. He gave me a look and kept walking. "I can't stand not carrying something to camp," I informed. He nodded and kept padding along.

We were almost back to camp when I smelt a suspicious smell, like a different Clan kind of smell. I looked beside me and I saw that Cloudtail was a bit behind me. "You smell it too?" He asked. I nodded. He looked behind him and I looked over my shoulder more. The bushes were swaying and the breeze wasn't as strong as the bushes were going. I narrowed my eyes in curiosity and my eyes widened like an owls. I saw an ear and I padded up to Cloudtail, "I see something..." I whispered and he nodded, "Go get help..." Cloudtail hissed and I hesitated, but I did so anyway.

Dashing through the trees towards the camp, a low branch whacked me in the face causing me to stumble. I continued running through the forest until a loud yowl caused me to look over my shoulder. I tripped over a stump and dramatically rolled over and

over until I ran into someone. Winded, I stood up and shook my fur out, looking into the deep blue eyes of Whitewing. "Get Bramblestar! We're under attack!" I growled, it took the rest of my breath to do so.

"Under attack? By who?" She asked, stepping back. "No time to explain, hurry! Go get him!" Whitewing nodded and ran into camp while I sat down to catch my breath. After a bit of waiting, Bramblestar and a load of cats came out of the entrance. "ShadowClan brung the whole Clan out! Cloudtail is alone and we need to hurry," I told them, running on the spot. Bramblestar nodded and turned to the cats he gathered up, "Toadstep, take Sorreltail, Blossomfall, Bumblestripe, Ivypool, and Poppyfrost to the battle, Brightheart, take them now. Cinderheart, Lionblaze, Foxleap, Hazeltail, Cherrypaw and Molepaw go around to the back," He announced. I gathered the cats and we started running through the forest, towards the battle.

I dashed through the forest until I could see the battle. ShadowClan had Cloudtail fighting for his dear life. The patrol I had dived at the cats and tumbled with them. Ignoring the pain in my legs from running, I grabbed a cat by it's neck and pinned him down. He immediately started kicking my stomach and I slashed at his face. He hissed and slashed my jaw line and I did it back.

Grabbing his neck, I made him screech and I let him go, letting him flee away. I ran at a cat who was about to jump at Cherrypaw. Leaping up at his shoulder, I pushed him down onto the ground and started clawing him. He rolled me over and I kicked him as hard as I could, making him fall over. We started rolling down a hill in a ball of fur and blood.

I hissed at him and he growled in return, kicking me brutally off of him. I was flown into a tree; my vision blurred and shoulders soar, I stoof back up ad lashed my tail in frustration. The cat grinned and flicked an ear, lashing his tail back. "I'll make your Clan scream for mercy and make you flee, leaving your pityfull Clan in shame," he threatened, stepping one paw closer. A growl formed in my throat and I showed my teeth, "Try me, weakling," I hissed.

Letting the cat leap at me, I slid out of the way and let him crash into the tree trunk. I quickly ran at him and grabbed his throat, thrashing him around. 'What am I doing? This isn't like me!' I asked my self, letting the cat drop as my teeth started to tear his skin. "I'm giving you the chance to run now, or flee with battle scars," I

murmured, my head over his. "I will never flee from a battle!" He yowled,slashing my face with his thorn sharp claws. My head twisted to the side as the impact caused my head to turn. In defence, I slashed back, but with both paws and just as hard. He dove for my neck and I jumped up, landing firmly on him. I dug my claws into his spine and his screech in pain made me flinch slightly.

I got off him and picked him up by the scruff, slicing his chest over and over as he thrashed in my grip. He got out of my grip and turned tail, fleeing for the safety of his territory. "And never come back!" I called to him. I looked to my paws and saw blood. I whipped it off and onto the grass. "Gross. I don't need to go into camp with bloody paws! It's bad enough with my body covered..." I murmured to myself.

Out of breath and the scratches burning, I limped up the hill and back to the battle. More cats had come into the fight, ThunderClan and ShadowClan both. I sighed and unsheathed my claws again, dashing into the battle. The first cat that came into my sight was attacking Molepaw; I dashed in as she was aiming for his neck, pushing my tired muscles as fast as they would go I pushed her just as she got ahold of him. She squealed in shock as she tumbled into a tree trunk, causing leaves to fall.

I purred slightly as she sneezed. I hissed to myself that this was serious then ran at her again. She stood up and shook her fur as I got to her, pushing her down and clawing at her face. She yelped and kicked me off of her, hissing in frustration. I landed beside a boulder and I looked back at her.

I growled at her as she lashed her tail, beads of blood forming on her face, running down into her mouth. She didn't seem to notice, really. I hissed one final time and she grunted as she leaped for me. Just as I went to dodge, another cat banged into her. "She was mine!" I yelled in frustration. I rolled my eye and in the corner of my eye, I saw a ball of white fur curled up in the center of the clearing.

My heart started to pound faster and faster as I started to realize who it was. I ran over to the ball of fur and the scent of blood over whelmed me. A small pinch of ThunderClan washed over my scenes and grief took me down. My eye saw that a puddle of blood had formed beside his neck, his white coat crusted and stained with the red color of blood. My eye started to blur in grief.

'*No! Cloudtail, please!*' I begged silently, thoughts whirling

through my head. I nudged his neck with my nose and his head fell back down to the ground without much more thump. My eye was wider then it ever was before, a lump of emotion caught in my throat. Cloudtail laid cold, motionless, dead. I shook my head.

'How could a day so perfect change with the blink of an eye?'

Update on Clans

ThunderClan

Leader:

Bramblestar

Deputy:

Squirrelflight

Medicine Cat:

Jayfeather apprentice- Dewpaw

Warriors:

Sandstorm

Brackenfur

Brightheart

Millie

Thornclaw

Leafpool

Spiderleg

Birchfall

Whitewing

Berrynose

Hazeltail

Mousewhisker

Cinderheart

Lionblaze

Foxleap

Icecloud

Toadstep

Brairlight

Blossomfall

Bumblestripe

Ivypool

Sorreltail

Poppyfrost

Apprentices:

Molepaw

Cherrypaw

Lilypaw

Seedpaw

Snowpaw

Amberpaw

Queens:

Dovewing- Stonekit, Softkit, Oakkit and Heatherkit

Rosepetal- Dawnkit and Gorsekit

Daisy

Elders:

Graystripe

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ShadowClan

Leader:

Blackstar

Deputy:

Rowanclaw

Medicine Cat:

Littlecloud

Warriors:

Oakfur

Smokefoot

Toadfoot

Applefur

Crowfrost

Ratscar

Snowbird

Tawnypelt

Olivenose

Owlclaw

Shrewfoot Apprentice- Dashpaw

Scorchfur

Redwillow

Tigerheart

Dawnpelt

Pinenose

Ferretclaw Apprentice- Flutterpaw

Starlingwing

Queens:

Kinkfur

Ivytail

Elders:

Cedarheart

Tallpoppy

Snaketail

Whitewater

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WindClan

Leader:

Onestar

Deputy:

Ashfoot

Medicine Cat:

Kestrelflight

Warriors:

Crowfeather

Owlwhisker

Whitetail

Nightcloud

Gorsetail

Weaselfur

Harespring

Leaftail

Antpelt

Emberfoot

Heathertail

Breezepelt

Sedgewhisker

Sunstrike

Bloulderclaw

Furzepelt

Whiskertail

Queens:

Swallowtail; Birdkit, Hailkit and Brownkit

Elders:

Tornear

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RiverClan

Leader:

Mistystar

Deputy:

Reedwhisker

Medicine Cat:

Mothwing Apprentice- Willowshine

Warriors:

Graymist

Mintfur

Icewing

Minnowtail Apprentice- Lightpaw

Mallownose

Robinwhisker

Petalfur

Grasspelt

Duskfur

Queens:

Mosspelt; Spottedkit and Tanglekit

Elders:

Pouncetail

An Unforgiven Grudge

The memories she sees in her dreams.. Some aren't true. I can't remember all of the good times they had together. Sssooorrry xc

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My breathing became harsher and harsher as I stared through my one amber eye at Cloudtail's bloody body. His fur waved in the wind calmly as if nothing was happening around me. But the battle was still going on. Cats were still fighting for territory. "It was my fault your dead... I deserve to die not you..." I croaked to myself. I started to panic.

'What if I get kicked out of the Clan for leaving Cloudtail? What if I lose my friends? What if my kits turn on me?' I asked myself.

I shook my head and picked up Cloudtail's body, swinging him onto my back. I dashed away from the battle and towards the camp entrance Cloudtail and I once went though together. The memory of him ached my heart; I wanted him back oh-so badly. I ran and ran until I got to the Clan entrance. Cloudtail's body started to fall off as we came to camp and I let him fall to the ground. I dragged him in, my head down. Dovewing's ears perked up then went back down as she saw the body I drug inside. She wrapped her tail around her four kits and pushed them in the nursery gently.

I let Cloudtail lay in the center of the clearing before looking up. "Oh, Brightheart..." Dovewing whispered. She put her tail on my shoulders and went up and down to sooth me. I shouldered it off, "It's fine," I muttered.

Rosepetal padded out with the six kits peeking out of the nursery. "What's going on with the battle?" She mewed, sitting in front of me. "They're still fighting," I whispered, laying down. "It's okay, Brightheart, it was his time. He fought well," Rosepetal meowed. I nodded and got up, deciding not to argue. I started padding to the medicine den. *'Might as well tell Dewpaw before she*

finds out the hard way,' I thought.

I poked my head into the den and Dewpaw turned around. She smiled, "Did we win the battle?" Dewpaw came to see me as I squeezed through the entrance. "Is there any cats I need to help heal yet?" She asked. Tipping her head to the side, she meowed, "Are you alright?" I shrugged, "No, not really. Not sure yet, I came back to tell you something," I whispered.

Jayfeather turned around and his ear flinched. "Was it that important that your leaving the battle?" He hissed. I rolled my eye, "Yes it is," I growled. "Come out with me, Dewpaw. It's important," I growled to her, trying to ignore Jayfeather's huff in disagreement. I padded out of the den and into the clearing.

"Dewpaw, Cloudtail is on his way to StarClan..." I whispered, coming out with it as soon as she settled down. Dewpaw's smile of curiosity went away in the blink of an eye. She shook her head. "Your lying!" Dewpaw hissed. I shook my head, wishing it was true. "I'm afraid not, Dewpaw," I flicked my tail to the dead, blood stained body that was once Cloudtail's in the clearing.

Dewpaw rushed over and dug her face into his pelt. "This can't be true! It has to be a dream! It has to be..." She wailed. I padded over to her and pulled her away. "Shh, Dewpaw, it's alright. It was his time, don't let it get to you," I soothed her, holding her with one paw. She pushed her face into my chest and wept.

I rested my head onto hers and watched as the battle patrol ran in, another dead body with them. They rested the body of Dustpelt beside Cloudtail's, Spiderleg, Birchfall, Icecloud and Foxleap rushing over to say there good byes.

I looked around to see where Amberpaw and Snowpaw were. Catching their eyes, they exchanged glances. I gestured with my head to come over. Dewpaw looked at them as they trotted over, her eyes clouded with grief. Snowpaw whimpered to herself as she and her sister came over. "Where were you when the battle ended?" Asked Amberpaw. "Your father is gone to StarClan now, I had to bring him back to camp..." I whispered. Amberpaw nodded, "I noticed. It's hard for me too but I'm trying not to get to emotional

about it," Dewpaw stuffed her face in my chest again and she started to breath heavily. Snowpaw looked at her sister and then at me. I looked at Cloudtail's body and Amberpaw closed her eyes, not looking behind her. Snowpaw looked for a brief heartbeat before almost collapsing. I padded up to his dead body and say beside him.

Snowpaw looked back again and rushed to Cloudtail's body. Snowpaw shook him, "Father please, please wake up..." she whispered at his dead body, staring at it as if she was waiting for a reply. "Snowpaw, Amberpaw, Dewpaw, come get ready for vigil." I called to them. They nodded and let me groom their pelts. Jayfeather padded out with a strong smelling herb, covering Cloudtail and Dustpelt with it. Looking over at my three kits, I flicked my ear. *'They'll get over it soon,'* I silently hoped.

I looked up to the sky to see the dawn light sliding over the trees, only a bit of sunlight shining into the camp. It felt like last night was a dream, but my muscles screamed no and the stinging of my wounds bellowed in pain. I walked stiffly away from Cloudtail's body and stretched my back and legs; it felt good to move again.

Dewpaw, Snowpaw and Amberpaw followed me. I shook out my fur and cleaned myself. "Go get some sleep you three, you had a long night," I insisted. I looked back at Cloudtail and Dustpelt, but Sandstorm, Brackenfur and Graystripe were taking the two away to be buried. I had to look away and look to the sky so I wouldn't rush over and take Cloudtail back. I walked over to Jayfeathers den and padded in, "Sorry about last night Jayfeather, I was in a bad mood because of Cloudtail's death," He turned at the sound of my voice and nodded, "I know. I didn't take it personally, now go get some rest," I nodded. I need rest so bad right now. My muscles were aching and my scratches were burning from stretching and the cold morning air.

I padded in the warriors den and laid in my nest. I looked beside me and saw Cloudtail's nest was empty. I closed my eye and, almost instantly, fell asleep. Flashes of my life with Cloudtail in my early days went through my dreams.

"See? Your still beautiful!" Cloudpaw reassured. The reflection of me in the puddle made me question, "Do you really think so?" I mewed, Cloudpaw nodded happily, "As beautiful as ever!"

"She's just as beautiful as you are, Brightheart," he whispered, "What shall we name her?" "Whitekit. She's beautiful, white as the snow and has her fathers coat," I purred. Cloudtail purred too, "Whitekit it is then,"

"Good job, Whitepaw!" I purred, falling to the ground as the mud on her fur started to clump. Cloudtail began purring and couldn't stop. I felt a warm liquid splat onto me and I opened my eye, "Yuck!" He burst out laughing again and fell down. "Real funny, Cloudtail." I hissed playfully.

"Great catch Cloudtail!" I purred. The squirrel dangled from his mouth, head first.

Memories after memories flashed through out my mind and made me wake up. I looked around and no cat was in the den anymore.

Padding out, I looked around to see barely any cats out in the clearing. Squirrelflight padded over, "Hey Brightheart, how are you?" She asked. "Good, just needed a good rest," I mewed as I stretched. "That's good. You just missed the last patrol, if you would like, I could put you on for a night border patrol?" I nodded with a small smile, "Alright, thanks," Squirrelflight nodded, "No problem!"

She started to pad away and I stopped her, "Where's Amberpaw, Snowpaw and Dewpaw?" I called to her. She looked over her shoulder and mewed, "Dewpaw and Jayfeather went to grab herbs, while Amberpaw and Snowpaw left to practice for there assessment. it's coming up soon," I dipped my head in thanks and looked around. '*What to do... What to do... I need to keep Cloudtail off my mind for the better...*'

"Hey Brightheart!" Someone called from behind me. I turned around at the sound of my name, and noticed it was Thornclaw. 'Strange... Thornclaw doesn't usually talk to me...' "Oh, hey Thornclaw," I mewed politely. "Wanna go out for a hunt? I don't have anything better to do," Thornclaw asked, halting in front of

me. I nodded, "Sure thing,"

We padded out of the camp with a light conversation. I could tell he wanted to get Cloudtail off my mind, so I went along with it.

"How have you been dealing, with all the stuff going on?" He asked softly, his head staring forward. I sighed, "Not so well," he nodded and looked over at me, "Yeah, I kinda assumed you'd say that. The death of a loved one can... *Stain* your heart for a very long time," he mewed. I nodded a few times before either of us spoke again.

"The Gathering is coming up, what do you think ShadowClan will say?" he murmured, stopping to taste the air. "I'm not sure, probably nothing about the fight but it's a possibility," I replied, watching him look around.

He looked over his shoulder, "Yeah, your probably right," he meowed, flicking his tail for me to follow. "Let's see if we can catch anything." I nodded and followed close behind, taking in every moment of the woods around me.

The trees' leaves were golden and red with leaf-bare coming; the ground was covered in crisp leaves, frosted with the dark sky looming above. The sky was covered in grey clouds, promising snow. *'Leaf-bare is closer then I thought,'* I thought to myself.

I padded on, falling in beside Thornclaw. The leaves crunched under my paws as we broke to a trot, heading towards the edge of our territory.

'I wonder if there will be any prey at this time of the season...' I wondered, trotting silently with Thornclaw.

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It's been four sunrises since Cloudtail's death and Dewpaw still isn't the same. She's better but still focused on something else while trying to mix herbs. I padded into the medicine den and saw Dewpaw reorganizing herbs. "Morning, Dewpaw," I greeted, sitting down beside her.

She dipped her head but said nothing. "How are you?" I prompted. "Good, I'm trying to focus right now," she mewed, flicking an ear. "Alright," I replied, getting to my paws and padding out.

I got a glimpse of Snowpaw as she headed out on patrol with Blossomfall and Foxleap. At least she is still the same, maybe... hopefully.

"Brightheart, your on patrol with Bumblestripe, Whitewing and Sorreltail," Squirrelflight called as I came out of the medicine den. I nodded and padded to the camp entrance where the group waited.

I hurried over to the group and they padded off. I stayed in the back of the patrol and looked around.

The ground crunched under my paws as I padded through the frosted forest. The leaves on the ground were golden and red, with white around it as the dew frosted to ice. The cool breeze ruffled my fur up so it was sticking up, causing a me to shiver. '*Burr... leaf-bare is defiantly coming quickly,'*

The trees above were golden and red, the leaves changing as the seasons changed. White clouds were covering the sky, the blue sky hidden and the sun hidden from being seen. My teeth chattered as I shivered, the cold wind blowing through out the forest. The leaves were picked up in the breeze and they blew effortlessly through the trees.

I almost bumped into Sorreltail as the patrol stopped. Bumblestripe spoke first, "Whitewing and I will go for a hunt west, Sorreltail, Brightheart, you'll go east." we nodded and trotted off east.

We padded together in silence until we came to a halt. Sorreltail gave me a look of confusion. I gave her one back. "What?" I mewed, backing up a step. "Do you smell that?" she whispered, the fur along her spine rising. "Smell what?" I replied, tasting the air. The air was crisp with the cool leaf-fall air. But in the wind, was a faint scent of death.

My fur along my spine rose in fear and disgust. '*Oh no... who could it be*?' I wondered, looking around, my eyes wide. The tang of blood filled my nose and I looked around, my heart speeding up.

"Come on! We have to find out who or what is dead or harmed!" I called, dashing away from Sorreltail. Her hears flattened and she bolted toward me. I turned my head to look forward and the search began.

My mind was whirling with possibilities of who it could be. But one name pierced my heart the most, making my stomach churn in worry. '*Please StarClan, please don't let it be Snowpaw...'*

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An Unforgiven Grudge

Sorry! Short chapter!

I rushed through the trees, forgetting about the pain surging through my body as the brambles sliced open my wounds yet again. My muscles were screeching at me to stop and go back to my nest and sleep but I forced my legs forward. My heart pounded in my chest as I worried more and more that it was Snowpaw that was throwing that scent in the air. '*It was probably just a carcass of a rabbit a fox had eaten...'* I reassured myself over and over.

The blood in my ears roared and my breathing was beginning to come in short rasps. The scent was growing stronger as I leaped over a fallen log. The WindClan border scent was coming closer until I halted, making sure I didn't go over it.

My breaths came in short rasps as I fought to catch my breath; I looked around. Sorreltail rushed over, panting from the run. *'Where and who could it be?'* I wondered, looking around. The tang of blood bathed my tongue as I smelt the air to find the trail.

I looked down and saw a puddle of blood just in front of me. I was just a few whiskers away. Sorreltail padded over and sniffed it. "Smells of ThunderClan..." she whispered, half questioning it. "Well who could it've been?" I meowed, sniffing it too. It seemed like it was half WindClan and ThunderClan mixed together. I tipped my head to the side and looked at a small trail leading out of the territory lines. I rushed away, following the trail in a hurry. My head was spinning, wondering who could possibly have done this. And to who?

I followed it and followed it until finally I found a recently dug up hole, covered with loose dirt. Sorreltail stood beside me and we exchanged glances. Feeling like a dog, I started digging down. My paws started to ache as the ground came to pebbles. Finally, my claws hit some grey fur. I dug around it until I saw the head. I gasped at the sight.

A dirty, battered cat laid at the bottom, as still and stiff as a rock. The smell of soil and death clung to it's fur. A gaping wound was slit open in the neck and scratches scattered everywhere else on

its body. Sorreltail gasped and grabbed the cat with her claws, unable to get to it's scruff. I helped her and grabbed it's leg in my teeth, yanking the limp, cold body out of the hole.

My eye widened as my mind registered who this body was.

It was Ivypool.

Sorreltail looked away and sat down. "Ivypool... who... did this to you?" I whispered and rested my tail on her shoulders. Her grey tabby pelt wasn't as shiny as it was the night before, her eyes dull and distant. She was looking beyond the forest, beyond the sky and beyond the clouds. I told myself over and over that she was in a better place now, but what would Dovewing think? And Whitewing? Dirt was clumped in her fur, wounds, eyes and ears. The smell of WindClan clung to her fur. WindClan did it. ShadowClan killed Cloudtail and now WindClan killed Ivypool? What's next? RiverClan cats killing Squirrelflight?

A growl rose in my throat until I couldn't keep it from being low. I bared my teeth in a snarl and grabbed Ivypool's scruff and drug her through the undergrowth. Sorreltail followed me and hurried to get back to my side. "What are you thinking, Brightheart?" she prompted, eyes wide. "ShadowClan is against us, always has been. But I thought that maybe - just maybe - WindClan might like us," I snarled, keeping my gaze forward. "But for this to happen, I think we need to have revenge. We can't sit back and watch two enemy Clans take out cats away. You can't tell me you don't want the same." Sorreltail was silent for many heartbeats, her head down. Finally she spoke, "I want revenge but I don't think this is the time. We can put everyone in danger." She pointed out.

"Sorreltail, we cannot be the soft Clan they make rumours about. They have gone too far!" I hissed through the cold fur of Ivytail. *'I will not let ShadowClan and WindClan beat us up anymore. We will get back at them twice as bad for what they did.'* I glared silently at nothing and I tried to pick up speed, even with the cold, beat up and dirty Ivypool at my paws.

*****

I ducked into camp and drug Ivypool's body into the center of the camp. Squirrelflight gasped and ran to grab Dovewing. Daisy curled his fluffy tail around the sleepy kits and softly scotched them into the nursery. Sorreltail told me she'd be back, she was going for a hunt and to grab Bumblestripe and Whitewing.

Dovewing's face filled with grief as she took in her sister's dead, battered body. "I found her near WindClan territory buried. She was outside of both territories. WindClan scent was all around the place she was burried," I murmured softly, putting my tail on her shoulders and looking into her eyes.
Bramblestar hurried out of his den with Squirrelflight beside him. Cats gathered around to see what had happened. "What happened?" Bramblestar demanded, eyes slotted and ears back. "I found a blood trail beside WindClan's border. I followed it outside of out territory and WindClan's until I found a place recently dug up. Sorreltail and I discovered Ivypool under it with WindClan scent mixed in her wounds," I explained, looking our leader in the eye. He nodded.

"Squirrelflight, grab Jayfeather," Bramblestar ordered. While Bramblestar was doing nothing but staring, I padded over to confront him. "ShadowClan has attacked us and now WindClan. They think they can beat us up and I know you don't want that to be how everyone see's us anymore. We have to show them who's boss and attack them back," I insisted, my tail lashing on the ground. He looked at me without moving, "I understand what you're saying, Brightheart, but ThunderClan is still healing from the last battle. We can't risk harming anyone else when we have been weakened already." he replied simply. My ears flattened and I forced my voice to go even and for my fur to stay flat. "I know that we are still healing, but we need to attack them and get revenge before it's too late. Just consider it. We should attack WindClan when we are healed then ShadowClan if we can," he didn't reply. "They think we are weak and we are going along with it, Bramblestar. They'll keep attacking until we are forced out of our territory."

When he didn't reply, I trekked away from the camp. *'If he doesn't reply in half a moon, I'm taking matter into my own paws.'* I vowed to myself, padding into the woods again. I needed to clear my head. Padding through the dense undergrowth, I headed for WindClan's territory line. The silence ebbed around me, the only sound was the soft crunch of my paws as they snapped sticks. The sky went grey as clouds slipped over the sky, the scent of rain batheing my tongue. A wet drop of water splashed my ear, and then my spine and then my nose until water drenched my fur. Rain poured out of the sky and I pushed on, still heading to the WindClan border.

The scent of WindClan bathed my tongue as I came closer, their scent markers still looming in the air. I peered over the territory line and narrowed my eye. A growl crept up my throat until I was almost roaring. I snarled, lip curling as I caught a glimpse of a WindClan patrol. The came up to me and gave me a look.

"Don't act like you don't know what happened." I sneered, unsheathing my claws. Rage pulsed through me. This wasn't me. The battle between dead and alive, evil and good changed me for the better. I wouldn't let Ivypool's death go to the back of everyone heads too quickly. Nor Cloudtail's. They narrowed their eyes at me, their fur sticking to their flesh. "What do you mean?" Owlwhisker asked, Nightcloud stepping forward. She snarled at me and shoved Owlwhisker aside. "Are you accusing us again?" She growled, her fur spiking up even with the rain pounding down on it. "Yes. And I know it was someone in your Clan. We found Ivypool buried outside of WindClan territory with WindClan scent bathed in her blood," I insisted, feeling another growl raise in my throat.

"You have no real proof for this, Brightheart. You can't possibly think that you can accuse us without prof and a witness," Owlwhisker meowed calmly, pulling Nightcloud back so I didn't lung at her. My heart hammered in my chest. They were right. Even if Sorreltail and I had smelt it, I hadn't had a witness, and now, with all the rain, the prof of WindClan scent in the hole I had unburied Ivypool out of, was gone. "I know what my nose was telling me. I'm not the type to lie and I know for a fact that a WindClan warrior murdered Ivypool. I may not have prof but I *will* get revenge." I meowed, sheathing my claws and turning around. Guilt and hatred washed over me as I shouldered through the forest.

'Don't worry Ivypool, WindClan will wish they hadn't murdered you. They'll cry for mercy under my paws.'

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An Unforgiven Grudge

Three days past since we discovered Ivypool's body and *still* Bramblestar did nothing about the problem. I was beginning to think I would have to put matters into my paws. He had four days left and that's it. I had to go to him to ask, but right now he seemed busy.

The morning was cool with the breeze ruffling my patched fur, making me shiver. Leaf-fall wasn't to far away now; a few more moons and the leaves would have fallen and the air would get cooler. I watched in silence, laying with my chin resting on my paws, as the patrols went out. Bramblestar leaned over to Squirrelflight and whispered something in her ear and she nodded. I sat up and waited for her to choose me for a patrol, but my name was never spoken. I flicked my tail but acted like it hadn't bothered me.

'*It's not like I was going to lead a patrol into a battle with WindClan, geez.*'

I looked away and watched Dovewing's kits as they tumbled around. My eyes softened and my heart hurt as I remembered the time I had Whitewing, how happy Cloudtail was and how happy I was. Seemed like a long time ago when I thought about it. They seemed happy and I envied it. "Brightheart," Bramblestar's voice jolted me from my thoughts. I turned my head quickly and watched him pad over to me. "Come with me. We need to discuss this battle with WindClan." My eye widened and I stood up and followed him quickly out if camp. '*Well I guess I won't be taking matter into my own paws... hopefully,*'

The breeze blew through the forest, making the undergrowth stir. I watched as a thrush fluttered away in a hurry, a feather departing from its wing, landing slowly and softly to the ground. I turned my head and saw that Bramblestar was staring at me. "What?" I meowed, realizing that he was talking to me.

He sighed and stopped walking. "I have thought about this battle that you want to have with WindClan and I agree. But this is also about territory lines, not just Ivypool's death." He explained, sitting down. "I understand that you also want to fight ShadowClan for

what they've done to Cloudtail and Dustpelt. But I have decided only one can be done." I narrowed my eye and looked to my paws. *'WindClan isn't that big of a deal and if we beat ShadowClan, WindClan might back down. Maybe I could even attack WindClan on my own...'* I shuffled my paws in thought then turned to Bramblestar again. "ShadowClan it is." I decided rather fast. WindClan wasn't that big of a threat anyway, maybe they'll back down. Just maybe.

He dipped his head and looked away, into the forest. I looked the same direction he did and saw that the grass and leaves were starting to die early. Leaf-fall was coming earlier then I thought. "When will we be fighting?" I prompted, looking around with my one good eye, not looking at him.
"I am not sure about that. I will discuss that with Squirrelflight tonight and get back with you." Bramblestar replied and I turned to face him, nodding. "Thank you," I meowed low after a few heartbeats of silence. He dipped his head but said nothing more, padding away. I stayed where I was, watching him head toward the camp.

I looked away and walked away, going toward the ShadowClan border. Hopefully, no patrol would be there and I'd be alone. I just needed a walk. ShadowClan needs to be aware of their territory lines anyway.

Trotting through the undergrowth, ferns and bracken soaking my fur with the dew. I only got half way to it when I spotted Dewpaw and Jayfeather. I stalked up, my body low, and came up behind them. I watched as they silently picked herbs by the roots and made a small pile. They must be stocking up before leaf-fall. Or maybe the battle with ShadowClan.

"Make sure to get lots of marigold, Dewpaw," Jayfeather meowed, sniffing for more herbs. She simply nodded. The wind ruffly struck her as she stood there, picking up the pile of plants and moving on. "Jayfeather, we should find that catmint, too. Before they're taken and die." Jayfeather popped his head up as she spoke, nodding and leading the way. I watched them go, deciding to stay where I was. I sat up and waited until they were gone before going toward the ShadowClan border again.

I snarled under my breath and padded softly through the bushes. I looked around just as I came to the border and crouched down. If we were going to attack, I had to see the territory. It was something I knew I had to attempt, even though I knew I might get caught and

killed. I looked around and stalked down the border line, searching for a mud puddle.

I sniffed along until I finally found a small puddle with mucky water in it. I sighed and looked around, rolling in it until I was caked with cold, muddy water. My pelt itched and I fought my instinct to shake out my fur.

I stalked through the undergrowth and crossed the territory line without hesitation; I told myself over and over, '*They won't smell you, your scent is covered with mud.*' I let out small breaths and stuck to the trees and bushes, creeping through the territory. I stopped. I could hear voices. I backed into a bush until I was sure I was covered, watched silently until I spotted three tough warriors chatting away, going toward our territory line. The leaves brushed the drying mud and I felt a cobweb stick to my tail. I begged StarClan not to have a spider in it.

"ThunderClan is for scardy-mice. If I were in that *lame* excuse of a Clan I'd be gone in a heartbeat!" One of them snickered, then he stopped. He looked around and sniffed. "Has ThunderClan crossed into our territory?" Another asked, fur sticking up; she, too, was sniffing around. The third was rolling his eyes. "You guys are wasting your time. ThunderClan cats are goody-two paws, they wouldn't do that." The other two exchanged glances and nodded, padding away down the territory lone, snickering away again.

I sighed in relief, I realized I had been holding my breath. I quickly stalked out if the bush and away, heading further into unknown territory. I looked around and watched a thrush flutter away, narrowing my eye to a slit. *'What have you become?'* A voice asked, and I looked around frantically, expecting to see the leader of ShadowClan or even worse, a warrior. But I couldn't find anyone. I shrugged it off and stuck to the bushes and low trees, making sure I wasn't caught. I spotted a puddle, a bigger one, and I looked over my shoulder and around the territory. I slid in and rolled around in it - trying not to make noise. My fur felt sticky and stinky, but my ThunderClan scent was masked. I looked to my paws and fought the urge to shake my fur and get rid of all the muck. My fur dripped mud until the cold air created a solid. "What have you become, Brightheart?" The same voice called, this time familiar and much closer - more out of my mind and in the real world.

I gulped as I realize who it was. I slowly turned my head to look behind me and I spotted the sparkly, black and white grown-up-

apprentice. Swiftpaw.

"Swiftpaw..." I whispered, letting out a surprised gasp. "This is not you, Brightheart. This battle does not need to happen for revenge." He meowed calmly. "This has to happen. We have been beaten up for too long, and I can no longer watch this Clan I've grown up in be destroyed." I whispered, padding away. A stone-like ball appeared at the bottom of my stomach - I couldn't talk to him anymore, it was killing me. Grief washed over me as Swiftpaw didn't answer.

I looked over my shoulder quickly and saw that he was gone. I looked away and he was there, eyes slitted and his fur slick. "The warrior with the deadly determination will not be strong enough, for everyone who goes evil does not stay on this ground," I stalked past him and ignored him, going over to a bush, feeling odd because the wind was drying the mud to a crusty layer.

I hated ignoring the ones I loved, but what I was about to say was going to hurt him and possibly me later on. So I kept my mouth shut and ears down.

I sniffed around took in the view, making sure I knew what I saw when we attacked. Pine trees were everywhere, swampy-puddles were under some of them with pine-needles scattered everywhere. I spotted a rock and rolled it to a puddle, scratching a mark on it so I knew where I was. I stalked away, looking around and taking in more of the view. The bushes were turning yellow as they died and pine needles fell everywhere, turning orange. The ground was squishier then ThunderClan territory, as if there was underground holes everywhere. I rolled another rock over to a great hiding spot, a fallen pine tree with a dip under it. I marked the rock and carefully climbed over the dead pine tree's trunk.

I looked around and stalked further into the territory, marking good hiding spots where I'd see them but no ShadowClan warrior would assume someone out them there.

I finally came to the camp. The sun was going down by then. Quickly, I searched the barrier around it for any hiding spots or any holes to get in. I only found one rain-made dip in the side so I marked it with a few rocks. There was a small puddle in the bottom but it didn't matter.

Breathing heavily, I stalked away. I tried to race away quietly but I was starting to panic, feeling like someone was watching me. I felt unsafe. I stalked near bushes and trees again, following the

rocks until I came to the territory line. Just as I went over the line I heard yells and then heavy paws coming toward me. My heart hammered in my chest, my fur stuck up even with the mud crusted deeply into my fur, my eye wide and I dashed.

I rolled into the dense wood of a few bushes and scooted until I was covered. I panted heavily from fright and the short run. I caught my breath and looked through the brush, watching carefully as the ShadowClan warriors - the three I had seen when I first snuck into the territory - looked around, fur rose and eyes narrowed to slits. I was glad I got out in time; they looked well fed and strong.

"I saw a brown cat! It had ThunderClan written all over it! I know it was ThunderClan cats, because it went here!" One yelled, chest heavily and claws unsheathed. "Stop, will ya? It could've been a rogue. If it was, it's now ThunderClans problem. We saw nothing, lets go." The she-cat growled, padding away. She seemed *very* interested in this situation.

I slowly backed up when they finally turned around to leave. I sighed in relief and silently stalked toward the lake. The sun was starting to go down by the time I got to the lake; I watched the cool waves as the wind blew across it, the clear water showing pebbles beneath the liquid. Groaning, I stepped into the water. My skin crawled and I shivered as the cold substance wrapped around my body. I fought the urge to run out and just lick my fur clean, but I knew it wouldn't work out to well.

Holding my breath, I climbed in deeper until my head was just above water, my claws digging into the loose pebbles. I closed my eye for a heartbeat and when I opened it, I started to panic. The loose pebbles had gotten out of reach somehow and I was struggling to keep my head up. I sucked in air desperately as I feared the water would grab me and pull me under. The liquid started turning muddy as I thrashed around, my fur cleaning up but I was still panicking. I somehow managed to swim out *even farther* into the lake until I was sure I wouldn't be able to touch the bottom unless I could breathe underwater. I panicked even more, my breaths coming in short gasps. My legs grew tired and the water pulled my under.

I opened my mouth and tried to breathe in, quickly realizing I would drown. The water filled my ears, nose and mouth quickly and I thrashed my legs in all directions. I wasn't going to make it if someone didn't save me.

I screamed underwater but I barely even heard myself. The sun was turning to dusk and I could barely see the sky underwater. My lungs ached and screamed for air. My nose touched cool air and my muzzle got out and then my head. I gasped and just as I closed my mouth, I went under again. My legs burned with the effort of trying to stay afloat until I couldn't move them.

I felt paralyzed and doomed.

Air bubbles escaped my nose and I couldn't stop them. My body was tired and all I could do was lay still. I could feel the air slowly leave my lungs until I had no more left. My body hung in the water as if on a tree branch.

The water was so cold, so so cold. My blood felt frozen, lungs screamed for that air that was so close, yet so far away. I yearned for hope, but all my hope of living was gone, sunken away, seemed to never be found again. The water surrounded me. Dark, musky water consumed me, dragging me under more and more. My vision was going dark and my head pounded, dying of loss of oxygen. I smiled briefly with my eye closed. I'd finally be at peace. No pressure, just the wind at my fur and no territory lines to close me in.

Then, the life without me in the Clan flashed before my eyes.

Dewpaw, Snowpaw, Amberpaw, all devastated at me missing. I wouldn't be able to get revenge on ShadowClan. The Clan fell apart. ShadowClan took over until there was no ThunderClan left.

And then Cloudtail. His handsome face and white fur, fluffy as usual. No scars, no blood, just his bright blue eyes. "Brightheart, it isn't your time. Fight. You have a job and you haven't done it yet." His voice seemed to echo and I opened my eye, the water was still there and I was still sinking. I stood up straight in the water and watched him, silence ebbing the water until his voice rung in my ears.

Cloudtail ordered, his voice fading, "It's sink or swim, Brightheart, sink or swim."

*****

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An Unforgiven Grudge

Sorry but I had to end it early... haha
She just keeps gettin into trouble, eh?
****

My body surged with adrenaline and I kicked, almost running through the water. My lungs screamed for air and I thought they'd burst if I didn't get to the surface soon. My legs worked as fast as they could and finally, thanks to Cloudtail, I hit air. I gasped loudly and my eye wend wide, my muzzle parted in shock.

My body was used to the water by then, and I started to make my way back to the shore line. My paws worked easily in the water now, and I felt mouse-brained for knowing how to swim. I felt like a fish, even worse, a RiverClan cat. I growled aloud at the thought of eating fish, yet swimming among them. What a couple of mouse-brains they are! I realized I was spluttering and I hurried to the shore, afraid my legs would stop working so my chest could heave.

I climbed onto the shore at the edge of ThunderClan, almost to WindClan's territory line, and shook out my fur. My stomach churned and I hacked and hacked, water spitting up. My back arched and I threw up what was left of today's fresh-kill and hacked up more water until my lungs were empty of water. I breathed in a large gasp and then another. It felt good to feel the solid ground under paw and to breathe air, not water.

My torn face tickled as water droplets ran slowly down the side if my face, causing me to shake my head. My fur stood up, the cold of the night making me wish I was in my nest. I shook out my paws and carefully licked my fur down, heading toward camp.
*****

Carrying a mouse and thrush, I padded into camp, depositing the fresh-kill and heading toward the warrior den. Warriors were having fresh-kill together and stopped for a brief heartbeat to watch me, then go back to eating an sharing tongues. "Brightheart." Bramblestar's deep voice called and I looked over my damp shoulder. "Come into my den." He ordered, gesturing with his tail to

follow as he headed into his den. I sighed. So much for sleeping early.

I padded over to his den and sat down in front of his nest where he sat. "Where have you been? You've been gone ever since I told you about the battle." He asked, concern growing in his voice. I fought back the words and told him a different story. "I went out hunting, of course, but I decided to watch the ShadowClan border more closely. I thought if you weren't going to put more patrols there, then I was going to check it out myself." I lied, quite proud of how easily it slipped out. I hadn't lied for a very, very long time, I realized. He narrowed his eyes but I could tell from the look in his eyes that he was believing it.

Finally, he nodded and spoke. "Alright, Brightheart, I believe you. I will send out more patrols tomorrow morning, three each day." I nodded but said nothing. "Squirrelflight and I decided to make a date for the battle." He announced suddenly.

"We will train unbelievably hard for the next three days and then feast on the forth and battle that night. So tomorrow, just so you are aware, you are taking patrols out to ShadowClan and WindClan. Go to ShadowClan first, then WindClan and then back to ShadowClan. Hunt in between. Then come back to camp if there are any reports; if not, ask Squirrelfight where everyone is. I think we'll try denser woods instead if where we usually train." He explained. I took it all in, rereading in my mind what he said over and over until I knew it like the back of my paw. I dipped my head and padded into the warriors den, circling my nest and climbing in.

'*ShadowClan to WindClan to ShadowClan again. Hunt inbetween. Come back to camp*.' I remembered, repeating it again and again. '*ShadowClan to WindClan to ShadowClan. Hunt inbetween. Find mentors and apprentices*.' My mind shut down and my body relaxed, my dreams felt happy again. Great memories with Swiftpaw then with Cloudpaw and how jealous Swiftpaw was of him when he became a warrior and we didn't. My dreams turned dark and every bad memory I had of them came to mind, nightmares piercing my brain until I thought it would burst.

*****

I woke up and everything was silent. I lifted my head and listened. The sky was covered in clouds and snow was from the sky. '*Where is everyone*?' I wondered, beginning to panic. I stepped out

into the camp and check the apprentice den. No one. Elder den. No one. My heart hammered in my chest, so hard I was sure my blood would burst out of my body. My ears roared and I looked around. The sights of white filled my gaze. White was everywhere and it seemed so beautiful at first, but then it sickened me to stare at it for so long. I saw no paw prints in the clearing, even with the sun up almost fully, only mine as I rushed back and forth.

The world swirled around me - worry flooding my veins - and I didn't know what to do. '*Where'd everyone go*?' I wondered, rushing around camp, searching every crack and crevice... but no one was in camp.

"Where is everyone?" I yelled, but my voice echoed along the trees. "Anyone? Hello?" My voice cracked and I was desperate to see a familiar face. I felt alone, like I had caused them to leave.

ShadowClan.

The idea popped in my head like a acorn falling on my head and in an instant, I was gone.

I flew through the trees, stirring up dirt and leaves so much it made a dust path. I raced for the ShadowClan border and didn't hesitate to cross it. My body was fuelled by rage and adrenaline. "What did you do with ThunderClan!" I yowled and I burst into their odd camp.

Out of breath and fur standing up in fury and defence, I looked around and to my shock, there was no one here, either. "Where is everyone!" I yowled as loud as I could and my pelt itched. I hissed and I frantically slashed it until I was on the ground, bleeding and tired out. The world around me was swirling.

"Where are you hiding?" I heard myself whisper and I was out cold, black surrounding me like the lakes water.

*****

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An Unforgiven Grudge

Please vote for this book if you like it... I'm seeing less and less readers and barely any votes... I have a few books I need to catch up on and I think I might put this book on hold or even discontinue it...
Vote if you like it though!
****

I woke up and the sun was shining brightly. I squinted my eye; it burned like fire, taking my sight and water from the last eye I had. I had been planning on keeping this one, too.

I looked away and blinked, a tiny purple dot in the middle of my vision. Soon it faded and I finally decided to stretch my legs out, padding into the cool air. All I could think of was *'What did that dream mean?*' I felt a rush of relief when I saw Squirrelflight sitting in the camp, cleaning her fur while my fellow Clan cats started waking up to eat.

I padded by and stretched my back, unsheathing my claws and feeling the sudden *crack* in my spine. I fluffed out my fur and began cleaning it, getting rid of a tick and a few fleas. *'I haven't cleaned my fur thoroughly in days...*' I realized, itching my ears. I groaned and kept itching my ear until it hurt, picking out a few fleas.

"Looks like you haven't cleaned your fur in days! You might need to go to RiverClan and take a swim!" Thornclaw purred. I gave him a look and went back to cleaning my ginger and white fur. '*I just had a devastatingly bad swim in the lake, I'm fine.*' He kept purring and he sat down, dropping a mouse in front if my paws.

I dipped my head when I looked up, eating a bit of it. He took the rest when I finished, licking my lips and feeling satisfied. "Well, well, well. Look who actually woke up before I set out the patrols!" Squirrelflight pointed out, purring. I rolled my eye and purred too. "I guess I went to sleep at the right time," I murmured. She nodded a few times and hopped away.

"I would like Brightheart to take Spiderleg, Sandstorm and Icecloud to ShadowClan, then to WindClan and back to ShadowClan for a border patrol. Hunt in between. When you are done, make

sure to come find the mentors and apprentices and warriors so we can practice fighting," she explained and I nodded, standing up.

Spiderleg, Sandstorm and Icecloud followed behind me and I waited at the entrance to the camp. Squirrelflight kept talking, so I waited. "Brightheart, tell Sandstorm, Icecloud and Spiderleg whats going on and why they'll be the only one going out for a patrol. I dipped my head and headed out of camp. "Whats going on?" Icecloud prompted, curiosity at the edge of her tone.

"We are attacking ShadowClan in 4 days, at night. We will be fighting for 3 of those days, as much as we can," I explained briefly, padding to ShadowClans border. "Meanwhile, I will be the patroller who checks ShadowClan for any signs of trespassing, and getting the day's hunt in as well."

"Well, I guess that's a good thing for you, since you lost Cloudtail and all. But shouldn't they be your problem, not ours?" The mention of Cloudtail's name made me stop. Grief flooded over me and I fought the urge to cup her ears and yell at her. "Because, Sandstorm, they attacked us and went into our territory. They have threatened us and we have to show them we can't be thrown around like a squirrel." I hissed, whipping around and glaring at her with my one good eye.

Her ear twitched and her eyes narrowed to slits. I dipped my head and we kept going, silence ebbing between all four of us.

We padded up to ShadowClan's border line and I growled. *'Oh, StarClan, how much I hate these fox-brains.'* "Lets remark the territory line and then go to WindClan -" I meowed, mumbling the next part to myself, "and get this over with..." We covered the territory line with our scent they headed away. I glanced into their territory for a heartbeat, then took the lead again.

*****

We finished patrolling WindClan and ShadowClan; no trouble either places. We caught a squirrel, two mice and a dove and headed back to camp to drop them off. Rosepetal had told me and my patrol to go near the edge of our territory and we'd find the patrol of warriors training, so we went there.

Rain fell lightly from the grey clouds and we pushed through the wind as it whipped against our faces. I had to dig my claws into the water-soaked dirt to keep myself from blowing away. I hadn't been eating as much as I used to when Cloudtail had been alive, but hey,

grief gets you and everyone changes. For better or for worse.

I looked back at Spiderleg, Sandstorm and Icecloud and they were struggling like me. The wind rushed against us, chucking rain drops at our bodies as hard as rocks. It felt like hail but when it hit the ground it splashes, creating puddles everywhere, so I knew it was rain.

The leaves on the trees were being stripped from their branches and being tossed in the air. Leaf-bare was defiantly coming quicker then it should be. The wind was becoming colder with the rain pelting at my akin, soaking me to the bone.

Finally, we came to the training centre where everyone fought uncontrollably. If I hadn't seen Bramblestar watching, I would've assumed this was a real battle.

Toadstep leaped at Cinderheart, arms extended and mouth open. Cinderheart dodged out of the way and just before his paws hit the ground, she rammed into his ribs and rolled through the clearing with him. "Good job, Cinderheart! Keep up Toadstep!" Squirrelflight called as cats tumbled around at her paws.

Brackenfur was stalking up behind Millie - who was hitting Lilypaw with full blows - and as he leaped at her, Toadstep jumped at him and pinned him. They batted at each other with sheathed claws while Millie and Lilypaw stood on hind legs, hitting at each other with hard blows to the face and chest.

Lilypaw seemed to be growing tired of just hitting and she smacked her paws into Millie's chest, shoving her onto the ground. "Way to go, Lilypaw!" Squirrelflight praised, walking around the clearing where the cats rustled around. I looked at where Bramblestar had been sitting and saw that he was gone. I looked around and saw him stalking quietly behind Squirrelflight. I purred low and watched as he pounced on her. '*What a cute pair of mates...'*

"All right, Brightheart. Quit staring, we have to get practicing before the session ends!" Spiderleg insisted, padding into battle. "What team are we on?" I asked Icecloud, turning to face her mid-question. She shrugged, "I guess just find someone to attack and you'll be on the opposite team." I dipped my head and rushed in, keeping my claws sheathed.

I looked around as I kept my body low, searching for a target through the half-tail length grass. I narrowed my one amber eye and eyes Molepaw. He was batting at Snowpaw harshly and I purred evilly to myself, stalking closer to the apprentice.

I stalked up close enough to touch his tail with my nose and wriggled my haunches quickly and pounced on his shoulders. At my weight, he fell face first into a drying mud puddle and Snowpaw started purring so loud, I thought everyone could hear her. I jumped off Molepaw and he yanked his muzzle free of the mud and breathed out of his nose until mud was being sprayed everywhere. "Aw, gross!" He whined, whipping his face with his paw.

I dashed away, my whiskers twitching in amusement, and rammed into the first cat I saw, Poppyfrost. She yelped in surprise as I shoved her, head first, onto the ground. Pain throbbed in the top of my skull from the force of my head hitting her ribs, but I pinned her down and forced myself to focus on battle training. She pawed at my chest hard and I smacked her around with one paw.

Before I knew it, we were exhausted and barely able to fight. The sun was already going down and most of the cats had stopped at least twice for a break. I, for one, had stopped only once.

"Okay, that's all for today. Head back to camp and eat. Get rest and we will come back to hunt. Remember, Brightheart -" at the mention of my name my head snapped over to Bramblestar. I hadn't been really listening, just pawing at the ground, "- you're taking cats out for patrols first thing in the morning and just before you go to sleep. Take Sandstorm, Icecloud and Spiderleg out again." I obeyed and stood up. My legs were shaky and weak but I carried on anyway, feeling eyes burning into my pelt as I led the three warrior out. I was out of breath and tired. My eye was starting to shut when I came across a puddle, probably the same one I had coated myself in. I put my face in until I was awake again, the cool watery-mud caking my face.

I took my head out of the puddle and the cool night air whipped onto my face and I squeezed my eye shut and shook my head, water spraying around me. "What in StarClan's name are you doing?" Spiderleg asked, and Icecloud nodded. "I am going to fall asleep and if I am cold enough, I will stay awake long enough to patrol these territories." I answered, yawning.

After giving me another look or two, I led the way again and checked ShadowClan's border. There was nothing but the fresh scent of them, they must have just left from border patrolling. Quickly heading to WindClan's territory line, we checked and nothing was there. The stale scent of WindClan covered my tongue and made me gag.

"I'm surprised ShadowClan and WindClan aren't working together to destroy us." Sandstorm muttered. "I bet they are, who said they weren't?" Spiderleg snorted and nodded in agreement. I kept moving, heading toward ShadowClan's territory again. "They don't have the brains to destroy us, anyway." Sandstorm snickered and Spiderleg purred in agreement. Sandstorm and Spiderleg chatted about WindClan and ShadowClan and how pointless their battles were and why they're hatred toward us was just because of deep envy while Icecloud and I preyed on a few blackbirds.
*****

Trotting into camp with a blackbird and a mouse while Icecloud held a blackbird in her jaws and Spiderleg and Sandstorm with nothing, I happily set it down in the fresh-kill pile.

The moon had risen fully and my muscles and bones were so tired I almost collapsed into my nest. I didn't bother to eat - I'd do that tomorrow morning - I just settled down in my nest of dried up moss and almost as soon as my eyes closed, my mind shut down and I was in a deep sleep.

I woke up in a field, a peaceful field. The hills were different, not like WindClan's. The smell of heather bathed my tongue and I felt home-sick. *'Where am I? Why aren't I in my nest?'* I wondered, looking around. The view of endless white heather and green grass made me start to panic. *'Am I dead? Has WindClan taken me away?'* I ran through the field, my paws whipping against the hard stems of the long grass.

I dashed, heading in no particular direction, just where ever my paws took me. I rushed forward, the wind pushing against me, pushing me back. I stopped, looked around and saw cats coming. '*Who are they?'* I wondered, narrowing my eyes.

I felt a presence behind me and I whipped around. Cats with blacked out faces surrounding me. I tried to speak but no voice came out when I tried to ask them questions. "Brightheart," One began, stepping forward so I could see him better. His voice was just like Swiftpaw's, and I feared he was going to tell me I was dead.

"This battle isn't worth the blood you'll lose, stop it now before its too late." Swiftpaw ordered, but when I tried to speak in defence, I couldn't find my voice again. "This isn't you, I fell in love with the sweet Brightheart that was never looking to fight. But you've changed, changed into a monster." It was Cloudtail, his fluffy,

strong body standing pround. *'I will show them! I will get revenge and they'll all see. They'll all see that I changed for the better.'*

"Change your ways, Brightheart, before the Bright in your name turns to Dark." Firestar demanded and I looked around to see the blackened faces of the once who've died in ThunderClan begin to fade away. Within a few heartbeats, the starry StarClan warriors were gone and I was in the quiet fields again, surrounded by the soundless wind and dark sky.

****

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An Unforgiven Grudge

Three days had gone by and ThunderClan was ready for a fight. A fight we were all sure we'd win. Bramblestar and most of the warriors were skeptical about fighting but I made sure it would happen. Cloudtail will be happy, I will get revenge on ShadowClan for harming him. No mercy for a merciless Clan.

I made sure I was training enough so I could kill the cat who had killed my mate. I had gotten a glimpse of the cat they called a warrior, he was grey, the one who did the dirty work, finished him off. There were many that attacked him but the grey one... He stood out to me as he ran away in retreat. This time, he wouldn't be retreating. He wouldn't have blood flowing in his legs.

I paced the clearing in camp with my head down. All I could think of was the look on that cats face when the blood begins to well up out of the wound in his neck, the look of fear and mercy in his eyes as the blood fills up his lungs. I needed that feeling, the feeling of the one who thought he could get away with killing a cat many loved, I needed the sight of him dying, suffering, and me being the one to do it. Of having my paws stained red with his blood. The rush of adrenaline as his eyes go grey and his blood goes cold.

I unsheathed my claws at the thought of it, but I knew I couldn't try anything now or I'd scare someone. I shook my head and then fluffed out my fur, licking it clean. The sun was still up and I was growing more impatient every heartbeat that went by.

I looked around the camp. Cats were slowly coming back from patrols. I had already done my part of patrolling and I was needing to get my paws to work again. But with what? I wasn't sure.

The clouds were covering the sky and bringing darkness to the world. It smelt like rain was coming, the way the air was... different I knew rain was coming. The wind blew as calm as it could get, just able to move the leaves through the clearing.

I paced the clearing, head down. '*Is this battle worth the blood my Clanmates and I will loose?'* I pondered, '*Will it be worth it when we loose a cat or maybe two? What if we don't win, what if we're stuck with the fact that we lost and how embarrassing it was?*' I shook my head.

'*We will win this battle. Even if it's the death of me.*' My thoughts were interrupted when Bumblestripe came over, looking concerned and curious.

"Brightheart, are you okay?" He prompted, sitting down beside me as I paced. "You've been pacing for quite some time, what's on your mind?"

I shrugged, "Just thinking about how the kits will do when we are fighting..." I lied evenly. Bumblestripe didn't look very convinced but didn't push on. Dipping his head and standing up, Bumblestripe headed to the nursery without another word.

I couldn't decide whether he was going to check on the kits that he was supposedly the father of or that he was telling them that I would be worried about them at battle, but it didn't matter.

I needed to get my mind off of the battle. I was too excited and I was actually ashamed to be. I was becoming a monster, one I feared would bring cats to believe I was a monster from my looks, and it be true. Now they could judge me and be right.

I was turning cold and dark. Not that I wanted to, but my loved ones were being killed, and I wasn't fond of it.

I looked around and spotted Graystripe laying in front of his den. He watched as cats mingled among each other, eyes narrowed in thought.

Padding over to him, he looked at me and his eyes softened. "Brightheart, it's been a while since we talked!" He rasped, sitting up. For an old flea-bag like him, he still had some muscle, yet his eyes were tired and his cheekbones were as sharp as a dogs tooth.

I dipped my head. "Yes," I replied, "And I was wondering what -" I decided not to bring up the battle. He seemed to hate them anyway. "Wondering how you were. Have you been eating less? All I see is ribs," I purred and he did as well. "Oh I'm okay. Having trouble sleeping on my own, not used to it, I guess." He sighed, looking away. He didn't really answer the eating part, he seemed more interested in the battle.

And I tried to avoid it.

"What's your idea of the battle?" He mewed, turning to me with eyes narrowed. Bramblestar mustn't of told anyone that it was *my* idea to fight. "Well, I think it's risky. Yet, we need to do it or ShadowClan may strike again, maybe with WindClan." I informed him, trying to convince him it was good. He clearly didn't like the idea.

"I understand your reasonings, Brightheart, but it's almost suicide. ThunderClan has always been known for not fighting and being the bigger cat, making the right choices. Not that WindClan or ShadowClan or RiverClan always made wrong ones, but you get my point." Graystripe fretted and I nodded, listening. He was one wise cat, you know?

"Cats have been spared by ThunderClan not fighting, but ever since Firestar died, things have changed. For better or for worse," I took in his words. He should've been leader. If he hadn't been taken away by twolegs, he would've made a great leader.

Once I realized he was done, I told him what I thought as well. "Battles are to show them we can fight. For seasons upon seasons we were the 'nice' ones. The once who backed out or was the goody-two-paws. And now, we have that chance to take our ThunderClan pride back, to show them we can fight," I urged, my voice soft and reassuring.

Graystripe nodded a few times and looked away slowly, looking to the sky. We sat in silence for several heartbeats. Finally, Graystripe broke the silence between us. "You know, you have some good points." Mused Graystripe, his face bright but unreadable. His eyes were starting to fade into a light yellow. He was going to be missed greatly when his time came.

The day pushed on. Hunting, pacing, talking and staring all went by deathly slow and I couldn't help but wish night would just come sooner.

And of course, the moon was starting to rise and the sun was going down, leaving a pink and purple strip along the horizon. Clouds patched the starry sky with a grey gloom. I was beginning to think over my plan.

'*Follow the hidden stones. Order them to hide there. Kill anyone in my path. Assassinate the victim.*' The victim stood out like a wildfire in leaf-bare to me. His dark grey fur and piercing yellow eyes. How a scar crossed his flank and spine, how his tail was fluffier then the rest of his pelt. The details set in and I growled low again when his image popped into my mind.

'He will pay for what he's done. He will pay for the grief he brought onto me and his kin. He will shed his blood like Cloudtail shed his, and he will suffer. Oh how much he will gurgle and beg for mercy, for help. How he will plead for me to stop the blood from pulsing out of his

wounds. The look in his eyes when the blood runs dry, the grey, dazed stare that will never stop.' I curled my claws into the soil. Nose flaring in rage and paws twitching with adrenaline, I forced a yowl to stay in my throat, to burn in the Dark Forest like that disgusting cat ShadowClan accepted as a warrior.

'*I will get my revenge on this ratchet cat. That's all I need now: revenge.*'

****

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An Unforgiven Grudge

I waited patiently for the moon to slip a quarter of the way up. That's when Bramblestar was going to announce the battle was a-go.

I sat there, in the middle of the camp, and watched the stars get brighter as the sun went down past the horizon line. That was my favorite time to look up at the sky, knowing that one of the stars were Cloudtail, comforted me a bit. I searched the stars as they came out, one by one.

'Which one is Cloudtail?' I wondered, looking at any star I saw pop up. The later it got, the more confusing. I began to get dizzy in a swarm of stars. The stars seemed to be bees as they swarmed around me. I fell back and shook my head.

The moon eventually slipped up into the sky and ThunderClan was fully awake. Hope, adrenaline, rage and curiosity filled my blood and kept me awake. Kept me alive and wanting.

Needing.

"All cats old enough to hunt, gather to hear my words." Bramblestar announced, his voice echoing through the silent forest.

No birds chirped, no squirrels squeaked, the only sound was the ThunderClan warriors preparing for victory. *'We will win this battle. If we lose this, I will never go to another Gathering.'*

Warriors and apprentices sat beneath our leader and waited patiently for him to begin with the orders. I sat in beside Hazeltail and Brackenfur. They both seemed tense.

"Tonight is the night we attack. I will bring just about everyone and we will attack them. Don't go overload and attack kits or elders, to whom are helpless. Give them a warning that we *are* dangerous and what we are capable of." Bramblestar ordered. Hazeltail looked over at me and leaned over, whispering softly, "This battle makes me energized yet scared." I nodded, "I know how you feel." She dipped her head and turned back to Bramblestar.

"Squirrelflight and I will be at the head of the group. Brightheart, stick with us." I nodded to him and he continued, looking anonymously at cats.

"Millie, Toadstep and Mousewhisker, stay on guard here," The

three looked disappointed but nodded and said nothing to argue against. "The rest of you, get ready for the battle. We will be leaving soon,"

I stood up again and padded around the groups of cats and bumped into Jayfeather. His grey eyes stared at me and for a heartbeat, I thought he could see me.

"Brightheart, this is foolish! Stop this battle. I had a dream and the-" I interrupted him before any real detail was said. I didn't want to hear it. "I need to get revenge! My mate was practically torn apart because of ShadowClan! They'll pay, Jayfeather. This battle won't be canceled." I growled, fury blaring through my veins.

Grief was settling in again. Cloudtail was gone. '*Was this really pointless?*' I wondered. "Brightheart," Jayfeather meowed, his tone dry and tired. "This isn't you. Change your ways before you get seriously hurt." He insisted.

"You need to accept the fact I've changed. I may be more bloodthirsty then I was when those dogs attacked me. I was scared, innocent, vulnerable. That Brightheart is gone. I feel none of those things. I'm different now." I fretted. I sounded calming and soft, reassuring.

"Firestar should've given you the name Lostheart. It would make sense." Jayfeather growled, shoving me away. I watched him go, feeling hollow. My heart was in emotional pain and I took in his words.

It was true. I needed to smarten up.

But something deep in my gut told me to be who I wanted to be. I needed that revenge. I needed Cloudtail to know I loved him, to know I was there for him.

I couldn't do that without getting revenge. I looked to my paws, sitting down and wrapping my tail neatly around my paws.

I took a deep breath. '*I have until the moon has fully risen to make my decision. And that isn't long from now.*'

*****

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I never meant it to be so damn short, but I gots to end it now :)
sorry man

Sorry it's so short! :3 oh well haha

An Unforgiven Grudge

I made my choice but it didn't matter. I wanted this battle almost as much as I wanted Cloudtail. I wasn't going to stop this battle because others thought different about what I've become. I thin this was for the better. ThunderClan needed to grow up and start fighting more for what we need. Territory, prey, revenge.

Anyway, grief can do that to you. Some cats want revenge and become furious, or some become depressed and don't eat, sleep or even move. ThunderClan is lucky I only want revenge. It will make ThunderClan stronger.

My mind was only on the ferociousness of revenge, not the state of depression. My mind still worked fine, just that kindness in my eye was gone. No biggie.

The moon way fully up into the sky, shining brighter then any eye could ever glow in the night.

I stood up, anoxisness burning through my veins, like the sun in a green-leaf evening. I focused again and padded behind Bramblestar and Squirrelflight. I stuck right at their heels while everyone - but Millie, Toadstep and Mousewhisker - padded silently behind me.

We came to the border that kept the enemies away and I stepped up to the front.

"Follow me," I meowed, turning back and stalking into the ShadowClan territory.

I spotted the rocks through the gloom of the darkness and followed the path to the camp. I was excited and anxious, but hoenstly, my heart had a lump of emotion weighing me down just a bit.
I felt guilty I didn't stop the battle when I had the chance, but this was for the best.

That's what I needed to hear right now, before I turned around and dashed away until I collapsed. *"Any deaths that will occure in this battle will be technically your fault."* A voice reminded me hoarsly. It sounded familiar, but at the same time it didn't; It was like someone I remembered very little. I forced myself to not turn around to see if someone in the group had said it and just keep going forward.

We trekked quietly through the territory and we came to the camp. "Lionblaze, Bumblestripe, get the guards as quietly as you can." Bramblestar ordered low and the two toms stalked off. "Foxleap, Berrynose and Leafpool, stay here in case any ShadowClan cats flee. The rest of you, attack!" He growled out orders and everyone stalked quietly into the dens.

Yowls erupted loudly in one den and then another. I waited for that grey tom to come out.

Crouching down in the center of the camp I waited ever so quietly.

I looked around and saw ThunderClan cats chasing ShadowClan's scared forms. They were all pretty shocked and tired. Thornclaw and Birchfall worked together to beat a stong warrior while Hazeltail charged at a she-cat who was taking on Sandstorm.

I yelped in surprise as a cat landed on my back. I flipped onto my back and sprung back to my paws. I attacked the cat with all the energy I had, clawing at her chest. She scratched at my face and I did my best to dodge them.

The she-cat pushed me backwards with so much force I stumbled back and fell. She ran at me and I looked to the side, keeping my good eye on her and ramming myself into her.

My shoulder felt terrible as I pushed her back. The she-cat tripped and I was pinning her again. I grabbed her throat and she yelled for help to whoever might be listening, and I let go again.

She ran off and I turned to the battle. She was Leafpool's problem now.

I searched the battle for that grey pelt again with no such luck.

'He must be on patrol...' I thought to myself. Even if that was true we were getting beaten pretty badly and with three or four more cats, we might just loose this battle.

I'd never live with myself if we lost this battle.

I lunged at a tom who was beating Amberpaw badly and tore at him. Amberpaw helped out by attacking his flank while I got at his face. He scratched at my face and turned back at Amberpaw, hissing and standing on his hind legs only.

I backed up and rampaged at him, ramming into him so hard he flew into the ground and I stumbled to the ground as well.

The world spun around me and Amberpaw purred lightly, running off. I lifted my head and shook it. That clears my vision but caused an enormous throbbing pain in my nose and forehead. After

all, I had landed harshly on my nose.

Fighting to stand up, I searched the camp for the grey pelt again.

Blood was pooling around Snowpaw and I gasped terribly loud. Not loud enough for anyone to hear. The yowls and sound of claw meeting and ripping flesh were all anyone could really hear.
I ran up to her and cuddled her, nuzzling her face. She opened her eyes just a bit and I let out a breath I didn't know I was holding.
"Snowpaw, you'll be okay, keep fighting..." I whispered in her torn ear.

She was too young. She couldn't give up, she had a mate to love, kits to bear, a life to live.
"Br-Brightheart," Snowpaw stuttered and I leaned in, "I'm, I'm cold..." She whispered and I nodded, whispering back, "I know, it'll be alright. Don't go with StarClan, stay here."

"But StarClan welcomes me, I want to see Cloudtail again, and that's the only way it'll happen." She insisted and her went fast and I stood up. She hacked up some blood and I leaned in to say something, quickly realizing she had stopped breathing.

Shock pulsed through me and I looked around for someone to help. *'What am I to do? Beg for Littlecloud to help me?'*

"N-no no no, no... Snowpaw?" Her figure was bloody, deep claw marks scattered her body. Her soft, snow white fur was knotted and stained.

I closed her eyes, unable to bare the sight of her distant milky blue eyes.

Jayfeather, Swiftpaw and Cloudtail were right.

Why was I such a fool?

*****

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An Unforgiven Grudge

Sorry if this chapters start to become small /:
I guess it keeps you guys waiting ;D
****

Rage pulsed through my body and I looked around the camp. I stretched my claws out as far as they would go and I bared my teeth.

"What- whats going on!" A yowl came from the entrance and my head whipped to the side. I growled low and stalked through the crowd. *'I will be the first one to get to you and the last!'* I thought, pulling myself closer to the victim.

My heart was beating like a million hummingbirds stuck in my chest, batting at my rib cage trying to get out. My claws tore into the ground as my legs pulled my body toward the gray cat.

He looked frantically around the camp, eyes wide and tail fluffed. I smirked, leaping toward the murderer. He yelped in surprise as my claws connected with his flesh.

He fought back with good blows but I made sure I dodged them well. *"Murderer!"* I hissed. My throat burnt after I hissed, like it took everything I had to say it. It was like a growl, nothing like a scream.

But I knew one thing, it took all I had to say it and now I kind of regretted it.

I clawed at his face, smacking into him. Rain had started to pelt down and I knew StarClan wasn't approving. Water splashed from the toms face every time I smacked my claws into it. Blood mixed with the dirt and water on the ground and I kept going.

I had waited all this time and I was going to use all the strength inside of me to kill him.

The gray tom growled loudly and I severed a massive blow to the side of my head. I stumbled to the side, shocked and confused. I shook my head and I looked to the side but it was too late; the tom smashed down on my, jaws gaping and teeth glinting in the moonlight.

I bared my teeth and he landed on me. His claws sunk deep into my side and I let out a loud screech. Pain seared through my body

as he tore at my skin and flesh, bringing his paw downward. I could feel the blood as it began to bead up from the cuts and more rage began to boil my blood.

I tried to claw at the tom but he matched it with dodging and hits to the opposite side. I grew impatient. *'He should be dead by now. I should be standing over his dead, bleeding body!'*

I let out a yell as I ran at him, charging into him. My shoulder throbbed but I got to pin him down. He kicked at my stomach madly and I sliced at his neck fiercely. "I'll *kill* you for what you did! You're a *murderer!"* I growled at him. I could feel the last of my prey begin to make its way to my throat as the tom kept kicking and trying to push me off. I jumped back from his kicks and tried not to heave.

"I was doing what was ordered to do!" He yowled, standing up and slashing at me. I hopped back and hissed. My fur was sticking up on my spine; even the rain couldn't keep it slick and flat.

I shook my head, baring my teeth again and clawing at him blindly. My stomach ached, my bleeding side was stinging and my throat was still burning.

I stood on my hind legs and so did he. I sliced at his head and neck and he kept blocking my hits with his paws, scratching my legs. I braced myself to leap at him, but before I could, the wind was knocked out of me and I was on the ground, pinned by an unfamiliar cat. I hissed in frustration, clawing desperately at the cats face and chest. She spat in my face and I sliced her eye, kicking her off of me with one big kick.

She stumbled back and I dove for the gray cat, grabbing his shoulders with my claws. Holding on with one paw, I lifted the other and sliced the back if his neck. The other she-cat charged at me and she pinned me down. Mud splashed all over us and I yowled at her, "Get off you stupid mouse-brain!"
Her reply was muffled by thunder crashing over head. She lit up, brighter, and I could actually see her. She was still quite unfamiliar, but I knew her from somewhere.

I was distracted and before I knew it, the gray cat was pinning me down, not her. I clawed desperately at his neck, but he was dodging them all. I was growing tired; I had used all my energy trying to beat him but from all the missed blows, I was growing tired.

I grabbed his neck with my claws at the same time he grabbed

my throat with his teeth. I felt his fangs sink into my neck and I fought back a scream. Gripping harder with my claws, I tore his neck open, feeling a bit of blood begin to seep out of the cuts. I felt his growl and he lifted his head, tearing off the skin.

I screeched and he stood back, holding his neck. I stood up and stumbled from side to side. *'I was supposed to beat him, not him beat me...'* I lifted my paw again and he looked up at me, bracing for it and I clawed at his neck again.

He collapsed and soon after, so did I. I breathed in raspy breaths but my lungs were drowning in blood as I kind of drank my own blood. He must've bitten deep into my throat, puncturing my windpipe. I began to gasp for air but I couldn't get any.

I thought back to when Swiftpaw and I were fighting the dogs, when I was blinded by blood - one eye obviously - and I could only listen.

Now, I was blinded by the darkness that swarmed my mind. I tried to look around, but now, I guess I was blinded completely.

I woke up in a field, a shimmering field with dew lathering the grass blades. There was a bright sun above head, no clouds in the sky. The weather wasn't too hot nor too cold, just perfect. I knew immediately where I was.

I looked around the field and when I turned back around, a smallish white figure stood in front of me. Another white and black medium cat stood beside it and more and more cats came to join them.

Swiftpaw, Snowpaw, Bluestar, Firestar, all the cats who died recently and a while ago were here. But one stood out the most: Cloudtail. His broad head and hard eyes were now softer, freer. His fur blew in the wind freely and no blood was to be seen. He was covered in starlight, and the scent of stone washed in his pelt.

"Welcome, Brightheart, to StarClan." Swiftpaw greeted and the cats around him dipped their heads.

I was overwhelmed but happy to be around the ones I had once lost.

I padded away with them, catching sight of me. StarClan really did make me happy. I got to be with my lost in and Clanmates and now, what was almost just as great: The disgusting scars I was stuck with for so long, were gone.

My face was whole again, no longer broken. My face spoke of who I am now. I once was that broken Brightheart who turned hungry for revenge for the ones closest for me, and now that I finally got it and now that I was in StarClan *with* them, my face was once again whole. Whole like my heart.

I had settled down in StarClan, watching over Dewpaw and Amberpaw greatly, watching them grow into bright warriors. Grief for my death was hard on them, but they managed to stay alive and keep going.

And now, my story comes to an end.

I had let revenge boil the blood that kept the ShadowClan grass in their camp alive, seeping into the ground. I had let that revenge kill me, thinking that all I needed was to see the death of Cloudtail's murderer of that one gray cat, when really, I needed to grow up and move on.

****

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Read This Chapter *^*

If you liked *Brightheart's Revenge,* please go check out a few of my other stories :D

The Tribe of Rotting Skulls is coming to an end and there'll be a lot of death and adventure. Check it out as they're time comes to an end, no thanks to StarClan.
Read as Venom tries to fight his territory back, to keep his Tribe alive and to keep the evil from dying.

Now, I know most of the chapters suck dick but hey, that was from a while ago XDXDXD I always tell them to skip chapters, just so you can actually get into the good ones... even though they aren't so great, but they are better then the first few.
Please guys, I work real hard on *The Tribe of Rotting Skulls* and I'd really appreciate it if you read it :3 c': *(No Mercy for Enemies)*

Also, I have a new book: *BloodClan's Hunger Games*! I think the title sums it up...

P_A83 out!

Hallo again guys! It's June 17th for this update...

I now have Reedstar's Selfishness out and the death is coming more than ever. Reedstar is the most selfish cat you'd ever meet. Nightmares turn into reality and the three Clans - SpiritClan, LightClan and DarkClan - are forced to become one to try to survive in the zombie apocolypse.

Will he snap out of his selfish ways or drown in the blood of the ones he pushed into the crowd to save himself?

P_A83 out!